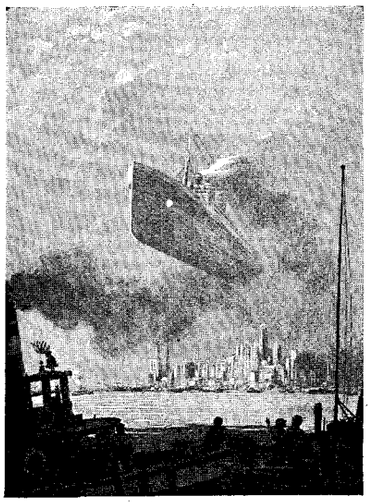

"So, if this story of Drowsy seems a fairy tale, let us remember that the Atlantic Cable would be a fairy tale to Columbus."

This, from the author's preface, indicates that the new novel by the editor of *Life* is more on the lines of *"Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory"* and *"The Last American"* than like his more recent novel, *"Pandora's Box."* It is the somewhat romantic narrative of a woman and a reckless lover, whose control of waves of thought brings about exciting and significant happenings.

DROWSY

is the title (that was the nickname given the hero because of his unusual eyes).

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The Outlook

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Vol. 118 February 20, 1918 No. 8

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Political Aspects of Peace 273
What the President Said 273
A Paper Peace for the Ukraine 273
The President's Bill 274
What People Say 274
Defending the President 274
Secretary Baker's Plan 275
Ship Control 275
The Loss of the Tuscania 275
Proof or Retraction 275
Mr. Roosevelt's Illness 276
Electra 276
The Performance 276
Cartoons of the Week 277
Our Contributors this Week 278
Not in Vain 279
The Builders of Our Ships 279
The Powers of the President 279
Criticism of the Administration 280
That Other Disciple 280
For the Sailors at Sea (Poem) 281
By Charles Alexander Richmond
Who Is the United States? 281
Special Correspondence by Joseph H. Odell
Building the Bridge to France: Why the Government is Calling for United States Shipyard Volunteers 284
By Frederick Lewis Allen
London Etchings 286
By Grace Boynton Monks
Whose Prisoner? The Further Adventures of Arnold Adair—III. Arnold's Escape to America 288
By Laurence La Tourette Driggs
Current Events Illustrated 291
Sidney Colvin's New Life of Keats 294
By Herbert Vaughan Abbott
Entertaining the Camps 295
By an American Woman
Weekly Outline Study of Current History 296
By J. Madison Gathany, A.M.
The New Books 297
Simplified Motoring 299
Now 301
By George W. Cable, of the Vigilantes
The Hero Shrew 301
The Prussian View-Point 301
The Flag's Minute 301
By Lowell C. Frost, of the Vigilantes
Criticism of The Outlook's Criticism ... 271
Alsace-Lorraine 271
By the Way 304

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CRITICISM OF THE OUTLOOK'S CRITICISM

This is to express my disappointment and regret at reading the current issue of your valued publication.

During the last Presidential campaign I carefully read your criticisms of the President. I was not always in sympathy with what you said, but I wanted the truth. And I still want it from folks who are in a position to give it to me.

Criticism is still right, provided there are good grounds for it. But what of the critic's grounds in the present case? Is The Outlook to be classed as "incompetent" because it did not know that we have half a million men in France? Chagrined as I am over your "Knocker's Issue," I would not want The Outlook to be suppressed as incompetent because it did not know some things, nor yet because it spoke without knowledge.

The German of the military class sincerely believes that democracy is impossible as a permanent form of government. He is doubtless pointing out to-day that the American people with their "impossible rights" have forced the Administration to divulge important military secrets.

Outlook, you have repeatedly said that we must meet Germany on her own grounds. You are right. Not that we must suppress criticism by the use of a firing squad, but that we must voluntarily relinquish it for the duration of the war, at least in cases where there is a probability that we are not in possession of all the facts.

Outlook, I read you carefully every week, and have done so for years. You have been very helpful to me. I value your weekly visits so highly that I am still hoping you may some day get rid of some vestigial prejudices such as I believe lie behind your recent pet with the Administration.

Prejudice is the enemy of democracy.

(Rev.) CHARLES O. SHUGART.

Wesley Methodist Church, South,
Greenville, Texas, February 2, 1918.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

I have just read your article on Alsace-Lorraine, in which you discuss the proposal of the German Government "to leave the disposition of Alsace-Lorraine to a plebiscite of inhabitants." I agree with your conclusion, but not with all your argument. At the time the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were taken by Germany from France they were a part of the territory of the French Republic, and could not of their own motion, without the consent of the French Republic, transfer their allegiance to Germany. When Germany took possession of the provinces, she did not consult the inhabitants. There is no reason in conscience or law why France should consult the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine as to whether she shall resume sovereignty over territory wrongfully and without consideration taken from her by Germany. The Southern States of the United States seceded from the Union and organized a Southern Confederacy. The United States Government denied the right of the Southern States to secede, and, after the defeat of the army of the Confederacy, resumed its sovereignty over the Southern States without consulting the inhabitants. Why should not the French Republic follow the example of the United States?

JOHN E. KUHN.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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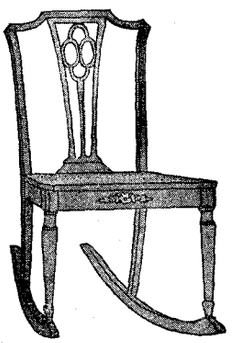

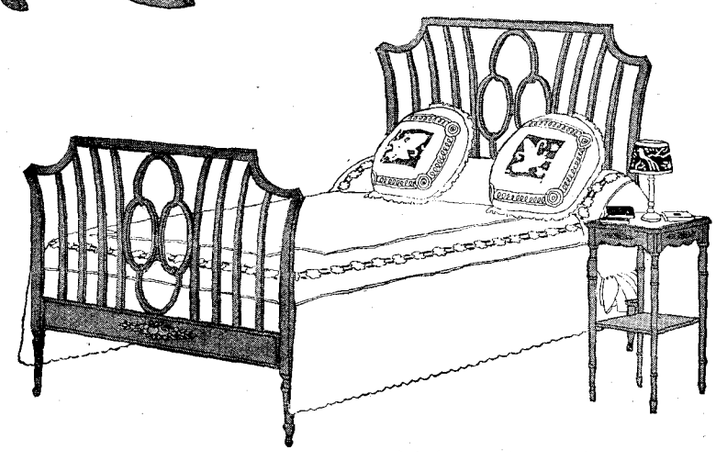

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 20, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

POLITICAL ASPECTS OF PEACE

The two important news events of last week regarding the political side of the war were the announcement by despatches from Russia that the Bolsheviki have declared that the state of war between Russia on the one side and the Central Powers on the other is at an end, and a restatement by President Wilson in a personal address to the two houses of Congress of the bases which may underlie negotiations for peace.

The news from the Bolsheviki adds little of importance to what was already known in this country except that the Bolsheviki Government now officially announces that the Russian army on all fronts is to be demobilized. While the despatches say that a state of war no longer exists, they also announce that no formal treaty of peace will be signed. The confusion of such a situation as this must be apparent to the simplest minds. It is merely confirmatory of the fact long realized in this country that under present conditions Russia can no more be counted upon as a military factor in this war. The Bolsheviki Government is more and more exposing the Russian people to German military and political domination if Germany wishes to exercise such domination.

This disintegration of Russia may be defined in two words—unconditional surrender.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID

The President's statement to Congress makes an emphatic distinction between the attitude of Germany and that of Austria. In the present attitude of the masters of Germany he sees no basis on which to reach a peace "worth the infinite sacrifice of these years of tragic suffering." He particularly declares that the German insistence on settling Russian questions with Russia alone and French questions with France alone is impossible, and that "all parties in this war must join in the settlement of every issue anywhere involved in it; because what we are seeking is a peace that we can all unite to guarantee and maintain, and every item of it must be submitted to the common judgment whether it be right and fair, an act of justice, rather than a bargain between sovereignties." In the attitude of Austria, as expressed by Count Czernin, he sees a spirit different from that of Germany. In particular, Count Czernin's concession of an independent Poland, of the evacuation and restoration of Belgium, and of the satisfaction of national aspirations even within Austria, the President cites as evidence of this different spirit. With respect to Austria he says, therefore:

> After all, the test of whether it is possible for either Government to go any further in this comparison of views is simple and obvious. The principles to be applied are these:
>
> 1. That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.
>
> 2. That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that
>
> 3. Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states; and
>
> 4. That all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently of the world.
>
> A general peace erected upon such foundations can be discussed. Until such a peace can be secured we have no choice but to go on.

If this statement appears to indicate more than in his preceding address that the President foresees the possibility of a settlement of the war by negotiation, it must be kept in mind that he refers specifically to Austria, and that in conclusion he reasserts the determination of America not to turn back from a course chosen upon principle. He still sees Germany in the control of a party "apparently willing and able to send millions of men to their death to prevent what all the world now sees to be just." He declares that we shall not pause till our resources are "mobilized in their entirety;" and that "our whole strength will be put into this war of emancipation."

A PAPER PEACE FOR THE UKRAINE

Readers of newspaper headlines who do not read the cable despatches beneath the headlines may well be confused by reading one day that the Red Guard of the Bolsheviki have "captured" Kiev in the Ukraine, and another day that the Ukraine has, against the will of the Bolsheviki, concluded a separate peace with Germany. In both cases the achievement is what may be called a paper achievement. It sounds much more important than it is. Thus, as regards Kiev, a study of the facts shows that the so-called capture was not a military act, but the gain by the Bolsheviki party of political supremacy. Whether the supremacy is permanent or not time will show. The great Province of the Ukraine, in southern Russia, has a population of over 20,000,000 people.

As regards the peace with Germany, what has happened is that the Rada, or Parliament, of the Ukraine has agreed upon terms with Germany. Again it remains to be seen whether this is a permanent thing. Whether peace becomes effective or not depends on the result of what is practically civil war now going on throughout the Ukraine between the forces of the Bolsheviki and those Ukrainians who in large numbers wish total independence, relief from the rule of the Bolsheviki, and peace at once.

The Austrian Prime Minister, Count Czernin, has declared that peace with the Ukraine is more valuable to the Central Powers than peace with Petrograd. His reason is, as reported, that large quantities of food can be obtained by the Central Powers from the Ukraine, while Petrograd "has nothing but revolution and anarchy to export." Even from an enemy's tongue this sentence should illuminate the minds of Lenine and Trotsky.

The Rada now in session was elected long before the Lenine Government came into power in Petrograd, and after that event it lost little time in declaring its independence of the new Petrograd régime, which in turn has denounced the Rada as a reprehensible *bourgeois* body—a body dominated by citizens of middle rank. The majority of the Ukrainians are fundamentally opposed to the immediate redistribution of land among the peasants, which the Bolsheviki make the corner-stone of their political religion. The vast size and large population of the Ukraine make its entire separation from Petrograd control and a separate peace important. Theoretically, the Bolsheviki ought to rejoice at Ukraine independence in accordance with their talk about the rights of smaller countries. Practically, this independence is a thorn in the side of the

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Bolsheviki Government, which is really based, not on democracy, but on absolutism—not of a Czar, but of the proletariat, and the proletariat exclusively.

It was in Berlin and Vienna that, as the despatches say, "joy bells were rung" over the conclusion of this separate peace. Apart from the food possibilities for the Central Powers, Germany and Austria recognize that such a peace would put Rumania in a dangerous situation. It is not surprising that, almost simultaneously with the announcement of peace between the Central Powers and the Ukraine, Rumania received an ultimatum from General von Mackensen giving her only four days in which to begin negotiations for peace, with implied threats of German occupation of the portion of Rumania still held by the Rumanians.

THE PRESIDENT'S BILL

Senator Overman has introduced into the United States Senate a bill authorizing the President "to co-ordinate and consolidate" the executive bureaus, agencies, and offices "in the interest of economy and the more effective administration of the Government." It would empower the President "to make such redistribution of functions among executive agencies as he may deem necessary, including any functions, duties, and powers hitherto by law conferred upon any executive department, commission, bureau, agency, office, or officer;" he may also "make such regulations and issue such orders as he may deem necessary;" he may "transfer any duties or powers from one existing department, commission, bureau," etc., to another, and "the personnel, property and moneys appropriated as well;" finally, "all restrictions in any existing law" shall be suspended. The bill would remain in force during the war and one year thereafter.

Under it the President might abolish all the Government's war-making machinery, with or without creating any new machinery in its place. It would enable the President to repeal the laws by which Governmental departments and agencies have been established, and would further emphasize the legislation which has already given unprecedented power to the President in his present control over food, fuel, transportation by land and by sea, commerce, censorship, alien property, espionage, embargo. We comment on this bill on page 279.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY

A newspaper of great influence, and generally an Administration supporter, the New York "Times," reflects the well-nigh universal comment on the Overman Bill in protesting that the President, instead of having his personal powers extended, should summon the ablest executives without respect to party.

The Springfield "Republican," on the other hand, says that the Overman bill would "simplify, while unifying and co-ordinating, the executive machinery; it does not thrust into the Administration system an entirely new and unprecedented body, such as the War Cabinet." From the opposite coast comes the assertion of the San Francisco "Chronicle" that Congress has no power to "create any war tribunal to which the President is bound to pay any attention even if Congress should pass it over his veto."

The New York "World," which takes this view of the proposed War Cabinet, disapproves at the same time the proposal that the President be given authority to reframe the executive departments to suit himself.

The newspapers would indicate that there is difference of opinion in the South as elsewhere. The New Orleans "Times-Picayune" says: "In street cars, as in the Senate, are delivered judgments so pragmatic that they ought to come from the lips of nobody but a Cæsar, a Hannibal, a Napoleon, or a Joffre. If these wiseacres know what they are talking about, Woodrow Wilson should be ejected from the White House, and a war council composed of their kind should be put in his place."

The bill was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. On that body will devolve the decision to report the bill out or allow it to sleep in committee. Mr. Overman is the Committee's ranking Democratic (majority) member.

Some papers and some Senators feel that the measure was intended not so much of something to be passed as something drastic enough to head off the Chamberlain War Council and Munitions Directorship Bills; that it was really intended to result in a compromise.

Other Senators and other newspapers, however, have suggested that the President, finally realizing that complete Governmental organization was essential, had determined on it, but, in the language of the Omaha "Bee," "does not want to share with Congress any of the work of directing the war."

In conclusion, both sides agree that closer co-operation and better control must be secured.

DEFENDING THE PRESIDENT

Criticism of the Administration's conduct of the war has evoked several addresses of vigorous defense.

The most comprehensive of these was delivered by Representative Carter Glass in Congress on February 6. On the principle that the best defense is an offense, Mr. Glass devoted a part of his speech to a counter-criticism of the man who has come to be regarded as the chief spokesman of the critics—the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, Mr. Chamberlain, of Oregon. He made it a point to refer to the course of the Committee on Military Affairs before the war in cutting down appropriations which had been recommended by military authorities and in failing to secure in time of peace the reorganization which now the Chairman of that Committee regards as essential. Mr. Glass attributed a large part of the conditions of unpreparedness to Mr. Chamberlain's own failure of foresight. The most effective part of his speech, however, was not that in which he said virtually "You're another," but that in which he gave detailed explanation of certain courses which had been criticised.

As to ordnance, Mr. Glass declared that it was the deliberate policy of the Government, with the approval of French authorities, to arm our men sent to France from "her over-supplied arsenals." "Yes," said Mr. Glass, "both France and Great Britain are supplying the American Army with guns; we are buying them and paying for them, just as France and Great Britain bought munitions from us when they could not get them quickly enough or in sufficient quantities from their own factories. And the fact does not constitute an indictment of the Government. Rather is it a clear index of the purpose and a hopeful sign of the diligence which the War Department is applying to the situation." Mr. Glass defended the rejection of the Lewis gun on several grounds, among which was the statement attributed to General Pershing that it would not be used on his front. Mr. Glass also explained certain other matters which have been subject to criticism, including the use of shoddy, or reworked wool, in uniforms, and quoted authority in support of a number of his statements. He went so far as to offer some defense of unpreparedness by declaring that in the close of 1916 the country had re-elected Mr. Wilson "because, among other considerations, he had been wise and brave enough to keep us out of war."

Mr. Glass is a Democrat and was defending a Democratic President; but as pronounced a defense has been uttered by a Republican, Mr. Borah, Senator from Idaho. In a speech in New York, while defending the character and patriotism of Mr. Chamberlain, and while acknowledging the making of some mistakes, he declared his belief that "in this emergency the Administration at Washington has done a great work in getting ready for this war."

The most striking tribute, however, was rendered by André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States. He specified certain particulars (such as the great increase in the Army, the results in aviation, and the policy regarding ordnance) which deserved praise. As to ordnance he said:

> But as we have agreed, it was understood that you should supply and transport to France the necessary war material; we will, under such conditions, be able in France to deliver to you before July 1 enough guns thoroughly to equip twenty of your divisions. The situation, therefore, is completely safe in that respect.

As a conclusion Mr. Tardieu paid this high tribute: "Judging things as a whole, I declare, without any restriction and without any reserve, that by its war policy the United States Government has well earned the praise of its allies and of civilization, for which we are fighting together."

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SECRETARY BAKER'S PLAN

Secretary Baker proposes, according to the War Department order published February 10, to reorganize the General Staff with a view to co-ordinating all military activities. Major-General Peyton C. March, now in France, will be the Chief of Staff. Under him there will be five Assistant Chiefs of Staff with clearly defined duties and powers, and each the responsible head of a division.

One—Executive Division: To supervise the organization, administration, and methods of all divisions of the General Staff and the several bureaus, corps, and other agencies of the War Department, to the end that all such matters may be comprehensively treated and the activities of all such agencies co-ordinated.

Two—War Plans Division: This will deal with the organization of all branches of the Army, to determine questions of equipment for all branches of the Army, projects of National defense, and other technical military matters.

Three—Purchase and Supply Division: This will have cognizance of and supervision over supplies required for the use of the Army, under an officer designated as the Director of Purchases and Supplies, who shall be assistant to the Chief of Staff. "There shall be in the Purchase and Supply Division the office of Surveyor-General of Supplies under an officer or a civilian. It shall be the duty of the Surveyor-General of Supplies to provide that all arrangements for the purchase, procurement, and production of all munitions and other supplies for the use of the Army shall be so correlated and otherwise scheduled as most effectually to forward the Army programme and most advantageously utilize the industrial resources of the country."

Four—Storage and Traffic Divisions: with control of all transportation connected with the Army by land and sea, and all storage facilities connected therewith; all movements of troops, munitions, supplies; all arrangements with the Navy for convoy service; all storage of war supplies.

Five—Army Operations Division: The recruitment, mobilization, movement, and distribution of troops; the assignment of equipment; supervision and co-ordination of camp sites.

This plan would seem to make the General Staff a genuinely executive body, possessed of every power necessary for the equipment, training, and transportation of our land forces. Its obvious aim is to make the General Staff a responsible factor in the conduct of the war. The feature which seems to be of the most value is the opportunity it presents of giving Mr. Edward R. Stettinius an executive office of the utmost importance under provision "Three—Purchase and Supply Division."

SHIP CONTROL

The control of transportation as regards shipping has lagged behind that as regards railways. But as a result of co-ordinated action between the Federal Shipping Board and the War Department, as well as between this country and the Allies, an Inter-Allied Ship Control Committee has now been appointed. It is headed by Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, of New York City, the well-known ship agent. The other members of the Committee are Mr. H. H. Raymond, Port Controller at New York, and Sir Connop Guthrie, Controller of British Shipping.

This Committee is to distribute all available tonnage on this side of the Atlantic, whether belonging to the United States or its allies. It will co-ordinate the needs of the various Government departments, effecting such interchange of tonnage and traffic as may be practicable with the Allied Governments.

The power of this Committee, we are glad to say, will be absolute with regard to the placing and disposal of ships at any American port. In particular, it will take immediate steps to relieve congestion at the port of New York by diverting traffic to other ports. Such a pooling of tonnage has long been necessary, both to obtain the maximum efficiency from the ships now in operation and to avoid the delays of loading and unloading, due often to difficulties of lighterage, that have had a large share in crippling ocean transportation.

The Committee's control extends over passenger as well as freight service; in especial it will supervise the routing of all tonnage turned over to the War and Navy Departments to carry American soldiers to Europe. An immediate question before the Committee lies in the diversion of other than American tonnage to this task.

We shall be surprised if the work of the Ship Control Committee does not prove the equivalent of a considerable amount of new tonnage to the cause of America and the Allies.

THE LOSS OF THE TUSCANIA

The American losses by the submarine torpedoing of the British transport Tuscania were much less than at first reported; indeed, the wonder is that so large a proportion was saved of the 2,235 persons on board, of whom 2,177 were Americans. As nearly as can be estimated up to February 11, the loss of American officers and men is 113.

The Tuscania was off the northeast coast of Ireland when she was struck at about six o'clock on the evening of February 5. The many ships called by wireless to her aid landed the rescued at points on the very northeast part of Ireland, and even in Scotland. How the submarine evaded the destroyers convoying the Tuscania may never be known. It has been said in some other cases that there is a tendency for a merchant vessel to draw too far ahead of her naval convoys, which must circle about and dash to and fro. There is no report of this, however, as regards the Tuscania.

Known facts show that the loss of Allied troops when in transports has been small. Few British transports torpedoed have been destroyed, and the majority of those have been in the Mediterranean. The English Channel is so closely guarded that troops have passed from England to France almost or quite as safely as if there were an under-sea tunnel. Moreover, a British authority is quoted by the New York "Times" as saying that only one out of two hundred of convoyed merchant ships in the Atlantic has been sunk. Danger there is; but it is not one to be hysterical about, nor is it excessive as compared with other war risks.

Americans may well feel proud of the steady courage shown by our troops in presence of imminent death. They stood at attention while hospital patients and the two women on board were cared for, obeyed orders, and sang the National anthem, alternating with the "God Save the King" of their British fellow-soldiers. British officers and naval commanders praise our men cordially, and with real appreciation of their sturdiness and coolness and readiness. We comment editorially on this disaster on page 279.

PROOF OR RETRACTION

A charge which, if untrue, is atrocious, and which, if true, ought to be fortified by incontrovertible evidence, has been made by Mr. W. G. Lee, head of the Trainmen's Brotherhood. He accuses railway managers of trying to increase cost and cause delay in the railways in order to discredit Government operation. The fact that he made this charge in part by innuendo does not affect the seriousness of it except to make it more difficult to refute by evidence, no matter how overwhelming. For it is impossible to pin down accusation made by innuendo. At a recent hearing of the Railroad Wage Commission Mr. Lee said:

> Why do reports to the Inter-State Commerce Commission show that in Philadelphia recently more engines were allowed to freeze up overnight than ever before? One required two weeks for repairs. We have had winters before. Why all this congestion just now?
>
> The old managements do not want Government operation made a success.

He added that the real cause of this alleged deliberate breaking down of the railways could be traced "back to about four banks in New York City."

Mr. Lee ought to be forced by public opinion to prove his charges. What he has in substance said is, in effect, that railway managers are heartless enough to cause incalculable suffering in order to gain a point. A man who makes such charges as that without proof justly lays himself open to the suspicion that he himself is capable of doing the very thing which he

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charges on another. Do the members of Mr. Lee's union realize that his charges involve them in the charge of having been intimidated or bribed to carry out the orders of the "four banks in New York City"?

We hope the Trainmen's Brotherhood will either repudiate officially what their representative has said or else undertake to produce evidence to prove it.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ILLNESS

Not merely Theodore Roosevelt's friends and neighbors, but all his fellow-citizens throughout the country, are greatly relieved to learn that he is passing successfully through the critical illness which has made him for the first time in his life a patient at a great hospital. That is to say, the first time for natural causes, for he spent a few days at a hospital in Chicago after he was shot during the excitement of the political campaign in 1912. His present illness is directly traceable to the jungle fever which he contracted during his famous exploring trip in South America in 1913. This most serious form of tropical fever, together with an infected wound in the leg made by jagged rocks in his passage in canoe down the famous "River of Doubt," have given him more or less trouble periodically since his return from South America. But his extraordinary vitality has enabled him to treat these physical difficulties, which would be serious for the average man, as merely superficial. Possibly as a result of his unintermitting and patriotic work on war questions, a recurrence of the tropical fever conditions brought on some serious abscesses which made it necessary for him to go to Roosevelt Hospital in New York to undergo one or two difficult operations. His condition at first was serious if not critical, but at this writing he is convalescing, and every hope is expressed by the experts in charge that he will be entirely himself again before very long.

His illness has served to bring out once more two notable characteristics of his career—first, the very wide affection in which he is held by all sorts and conditions of men in every part of the country without regard to political affiliations, and, second, his extraordinary physique, which, he says in his autobiography, he built up from the slenderest foundations by systematic exercise and care. He went through physical hardships enough in his African explorations, and again in his South American explorations, to kill a good many men, and he has worked incessantly and at high pressure in positions of responsible leadership for thirty-five years. He has been through one war and through one attempted murder, yet somehow or other he always recuperates. His physical resiliency after a knockdown is striking testimony to the value of systematic bodily training.

ELECTRA

Revenge is nowadays generally regarded not as a holy, religious duty, but as a brutal instinct to be restrained and suppressed. That makes it hard for a modern audience to appreciate fully such a tragedy as "Electra," which was elaborately and effectively performed on the afternoon of February 6 in Carnegie Hall, New York City. When Euripides wrote that great play, the people of Greece had ideas of what is right and wrong very different from those which we accept in America in the twentieth century of the Christian era. They regarded it as a matter of course that gross injustice, mad desire for vengeance, and inescapable terror should be apportioned to mortals by the will of the very gods they worshiped.

It is such ideas as these that are embodied in the story of the play:

Agamemnon, one of the heroes of Greece, killed his daughter in sacrifice to the gods. Though his act was regarded as unquestionably devout, it called for requital. It was requited by Clytemnestra, his wife, the girl's mother. She betrayed him to her paramour, Ægisthos, who killed him. Upon this, Orestes, the young son of the murdered man, fled from the murderess, his mother, leaving behind him his two sisters, Electra and Chrysothemis. All this has happened years before the action of the play begins. Meanwhile Electra, who had been made a slave in her own home, longs during the years for her brother's return that he may avenge her father's death. As the play opens, Orestes appears with his foster-father. He has grown to manhood and is unrecognized. He has come home, in obedience to the oracle he has consulted, to kill his mother. According to a prearranged plan, his foster-father tells the mother that Orestes is dead, and describes with dramatic vividness the chariot race ending in the accident that caused his death. Clytemnestra, relieved of her fears, cannot, as she goes out, wholly conceal her joy at the news; but Electra, left alone, is overcome with grief. When Orestes appears, Electra, thinking him to be a stranger, receives from his hands the urn which he alleges contains the ashes of her brother's body. Beside herself with despair, she fondles the urn as a mother would fondle her baby, and lavishes on it all the love that she has been cherishing during the years for her brother. Orestes, greatly moved, reveals himself, and in a delirium of joy Electra is transformed. She becomes once more the embodiment of vengeance. Orestes goes out, and soon are heard the shrieks of Clytemnestra as he kills her.

As her body, covered with a cloth, is brought out on a couch, Ægisthos, who since Agamemnon's death has been her husband, returns from a hunt. He has heard the story of Orestes's death, and his joy at the news is unbounded. He sees the couch, and, assuming the body on it to be that of Orestes, bids Electra go call Clytemnestra, that his wife may exult with him in the sight of her son's corpse. Electra, fairly terrified by the prospect of her coming victory, goes to the couch and with gruesome irony cries aloud the dead woman's name—"Clytemnestra!" Ægisthos, dumfounded by the incredible suspicion that this strikes into his brain, throws off the cover from the couch and sees the horror of the truth. Like an animal entrapped, he turns to find himself confronted by Orestes with drawn sword still red with Clytemnestra's blood. Trying to defend himself, he is forced out, and from the very hall where Agamemnon had been killed comes the sound of clashing weapons. Electra, statuesque, awaits the outcome. The clashing suddenly ceases; a sword comes hurtling out and falls at her feet. She stoops, recognizes it as the sword of Ægisthos, and as the curtain is drawn dances upon it with triumph, heedless of the fact that now the Furies, who have been pursuing Clytemnestra and Ægisthos, must in requital pursue Orestes.

This is the story—and the simple outlines of it are enough to indicate the change that has come over the moral standards of all civilized men since the day it served as the plot of a popular drama.

People call "Electra" "highbrow." It is highbrow only in the sense that it requires some degree of information, intelligence, and imagination to put one's self into such a state of mind that a tragedy like "Electra" would not seem preposterously grotesque. To the people, however, for whom it was written it was not highbrow at all. It was a play written to be performed before enormous crowds—crowds many times larger than those that witness the popular modern play. It was a play for the multitude; and it could not have "gotten across" if the multitude had not understood it.

What makes "Electra" a profoundly great work of art is the structural beauty of the means by which Euripides set forth a moral doctrine of the universe that once was very much alive, though to-day it is even deader than the language in which it was written. Great works of art must, as they are created, embody living ideas. The ideas themselves may then pass away, but the art which enshrines them, if it be consummate, remains, as "Electra" remains, imperishable.

THE PERFORMANCE

Foreign as was the underlying idea of "Electra" to the audience who heard and saw the performance in New York City, there can be no manner of doubt that the tragedy profoundly impressed and at times moved them.

This was due to the effectiveness of the stage-setting, the acting, and the music.

Of course the performance was not a duplication—even approximately—of that which the ancient Greeks saw. It was something better. It was such a performance as would give to a modern audience the same kind of impression that the original form of performance must have given to the audiences of old.

Originally there was no scenery; in the Carnegie Hall per-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"LIE DOWN!"

THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

Kirby in the New York World

"THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN"

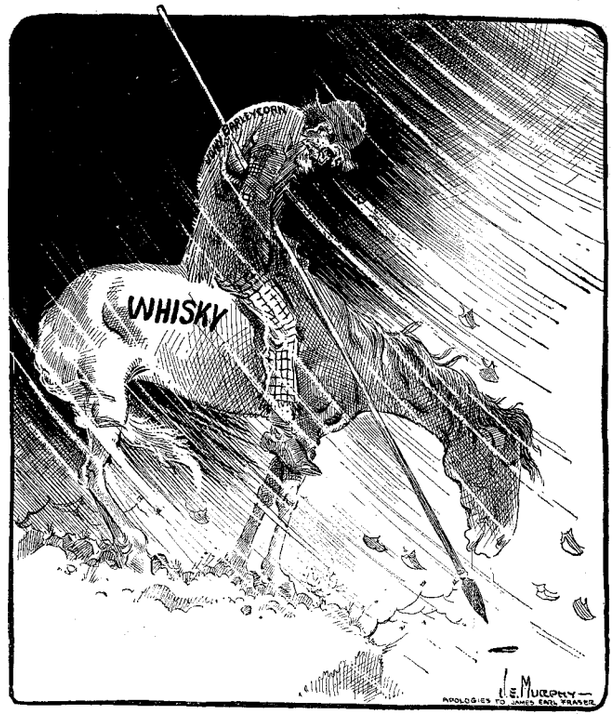
THE TUSCANIA TRAGEDY

Murphy in the San Francisco Call-Post

THE PUZZLE—HOW TO PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN?

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

Murphy in the San Francisco Call-Post



THE END OF THE TRAIL

PROHIBITION'S TRIUMPH NEAR

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formance the scenery was one of the most impressive elements of the play. The beauty of the setting (which combined that element of realism which modern audiences expect with the severe architectural lines which in Greek theaters furnished the background for all plays) was, with its lighting effects, a distinct triumph of common sense, a sense of what is appropriate, and a sense of beauty.

The acting deserved the high commendation which it received from most of the critics. Margaret Anglin's Electra was a figure of great dignity and emotional power. Not once did she yield to the temptation to gain a mere factitious effect; not once did she deviate from her purpose of being the Electra of Euripides. That she succeeded in making the character of Electra credible and sympathetic was demonstrated by the attitude of the audience from the beginning to the end, and such an achievement as that is notable among contemporary stage productions. Her company furnished competent support. In particular, special mention should be made of the work of the chorus, which plays a rôle in Greek tragedy for which there is no modern counterpart and which calls for the exercise of special imagination on the part of those who wish to make it credible to the modern audience.

The chief defect of the performance was in the enunciation of the actors. There must have been many—there certainly was one—in the audience who had difficulty in understanding a great deal of what was said. There is a practical as well as a dramatic value in an actor's learning to speak in what might be called the grand style. A big performance requires big action and big enunciation.

Not the least effective element in the performance was the music, composed for the play by Walter Damrosch and performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch's conductorship. It served its purpose of being to the play what inflections are to the individual voice. It tonally lit up the high spots. We doubt whether it would be very interesting performed, even in part, separately for concert purposes. This is not meant as derogatory, but rather as approbative. The music was not meant to obtrude itself, but rather to make the dramatic situations more effectively dramatic. Without the music this performance of the play, without any music any performance of the play, would become comparatively flat.

This music was not an imitation of what is supposed to be ancient Greek music. If it had been, it would have been an attempt to imitate the unknown, in the first place; and, in the second place, it would probably have sounded very absurd to modern ears. What it did do was to serve modern ears in the same way that the music of antiquity served ancient ears. The total effect was a good deal like modern music drama or opera with most of the nonsensical and ridiculously artificial that accompanies modern opera eliminated. If Electra had come to the front of the stage and indulged in an aria, or even in a *recitativo secco*, or in Wagnerian *melos*, the audience would have been indignant at the sacrilege to art; and yet that is what audiences not only endure but applaud night after night.

A few years ago we remarked that "opera is practically as old as the spoken drama." We expected to get a rise, and got it. If we remember aright, "Musical America" rose to the bait and told us what it thought about the origin of opera. We now repeat our former remark with a new emphasis, and add that music drama is the oldest form of drama. Music drama or opera is merely drama in which music is as essential as the scenery or the acting of the players.

It antedates even the Greek drama, and may be found preserved in ancient Hebrew literature. "Electra" is essentially opera. So is the "Song of Songs." Opera is simply a modern name given to what in substance has existed, off and on, for as many years as we have literary record.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS THIS WEEK

Mr. Frederick L. Allen, who writes "Building the Bridge to France," is a graduate of Harvard, was formerly on the staff of the "Atlantic Monthly," later was editorially connected with the "Century Magazine," and is now serving the Government in Washington. His Government work gives him an opportunity to deal with facts in the shipping situation, and the statements in his article may be relied upon as authoritative.

Dr. Odell, who contributes a striking special letter from Washington on the President and his powers, is well known to our readers as the author of the notable series of articles in The Outlook on American camp life entitled "The New Spirit of the New Army." He was formerly a clergyman in Scranton, Pennsylvania, was later a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia "Ledger," and is now the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Troy, New York. He has had special army associations and has been a student of politics and sociology. His work is not always in the political field, as readers of his delightful paper in this journal, "A Trout Stream and the Cracking Universe," will remember.

Miss Monks, the author of "London Etchings," is a Bostonian now engaged in personal social work among the women munition workers of London. She sends us with these etchings a letter, from which we give our readers the following extract, for it is a key to the spirit and purpose of the etchings themselves:

> When I went to England a year ago to do war work, every one told me that I ought to keep a diary. I took a book with me for this purpose, but I soon found myself immersed in work so strenuous that a daily diary was out of the question. My work was of the most practical kind, and I found that what writing I did was for relaxation and had no connection with the work, although nothing in these days is wholly unconnected with the war. My work took me to a very prosaic suburb of London. I lived there during the week and went to Chelsea for occasional week-ends. All my writing was done in Chelsea, and the pieces entitled "Battersea Nights" were written in a house on Cheyne Walk near the house where Turner lived. The contrast of the beauty of Chelsea to the dingy suburb in which I lived never failed to inspire in me the longing for expression that all artists feel who live in Chelsea and love Battersea Bridge and Four Chimneys.
>
> The spiritual awakening in England is very noticeable in all classes. Not only are the educated and intellectual people thinking it of the foremost importance, but the reward of sacrifice and self-control is bursting out in the hearts of the laboring people.
>
> A social worker in this country asked me the other day if the English workingwoman were not losing her health through the long hours her patriotism enables her to keep. I answered: "The long hours may strain and fatigue her body, but she is finding her soul. Her hours are no longer than the hours of those of us who are working to make things easier for her. Government officials voluntarily work as many hours as she does. Her hours are shorter and the hardships few compared to the duties of the men in the trenches or the sailors patrolling the North Sea, and we are all of us conscious together that serving an ideal instead of our personal advantage is giving us a spiritual strength which is beyond the reach of even the worst German frightfulness."

Mr. Driggs, who brings the adventures of Arnold Adair to a conclusion in this issue, is an ordnance and airplane expert of New York, and has done much studying and writing in connection with airplane problems. His lively and vivid stories of Arnold Adair and his colleagues are about to be brought out in book form by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

Dr. Richmond, whom many of our readers will remember as the author of the taking "Brother Jonathan" poems, contributed to The Outlook in the early years of the European war in the spirit and manner of the "Biglow Papers," is President of Union College, at Schenectady, New York. In a letter accompanying his poem "For the Sailors at Sea" he says: "I have a nineteen-year-old boy who has been at sea for three months serving as an ordinary seaman in the Regular Navy. I wonder if there are other fathers to whom the inclosed might appeal?"

Mr. Herbert Vaughan Abbott, whose paper on Keats affords a welcome relief from the strain of war, is Adjunct Professor of English at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

The pleasant and smiling picture of camp life (to which we are compelled by the modesty of the author merely to append the pen-name of "An American Woman") is sketched from the other side of the footlights by a writer whose war poetry has received wide attention throughout the country. It records some of her experiences as an entertainer at the camps of our new Army.

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NOT IN VAIN

WHATEVER military success Germany may have gained by the sinking of the Tuscania will cost her dear.

Unlike the sinking of the Lusitania and the air raids over London, this latest great exploit of German war by stealth can be defended under the laws of warfare; for a transport conveying combatant troops is not a peaceful merchantman nor is it a community of civilians, but is legitimate prey. But, like the air raids and the sinking of merchantmen, this deed has put new fighting spirit into Germany's foes. It has proved again how far astray Germany goes in her calculations. It has revealed anew the self-control of the American fighting man, his readiness for emergency, and his inflexible determination for victory. And it has stimulated recruiting in this country. For every man that lost his life in that disaster more than one man has offered himself for service against Germany.

Those who sorrow for the loss of their men who went down with the Tuscania have no cause to feel that their loved ones died in vain. They gave their lives heroically and to a great end. They have been the means of gaining new strength for the arms of their country. They have made all Americans their debtors. To them, as well as to those who die at the front, will belong the victory which they have helped to purchase with their lives.

THE BUILDERS OF OUR SHIPS

As this issue of The Outlook appears, a Nation-wide campaign is being carried on by the Government for the purpose of informing the American public that if we are going to win the war we must build ships. The facts, which are of grave importance, are given in an article on another page by Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen, who is in the Government service at Washington, who has access to authoritative information, and whose statement of the problem and its only possible solution may be relied upon.

The American people have now gone into the war wholeheartedly. They are giving their money and their men without stint or complaint, but billions of money and millions of men will not win the war unless the men and the commodities bought for the money can be transported to the European fronts. The ship-building mechanics of the United States are therefore to-day the men on whom we must depend.

It is the hope of our Government, as stated by the Secretary of War, to have one million five hundred thousand American soldiers on European soil during the year 1918. The estimate of English experts is that it requires five tons of shipping to transport and supply each soldier on foreign soil, and this amount of shipping increases directly with the distance of the home country from the seat of war. Thus, on the most conservative basis, the United States will need from eight to ten million tons of shipping to transport, equip, feed, and supply with powder and guns its army of a million and a half, if it should have such an army this year.

There are to-day afloat ships which can be used for this purpose amounting to certainly not more than three or four million tons. Thus by a very simple process of elementary subtraction it will be seen that we must construct this year at least six million tons if we are to carry out our hopeful programme of placing an army of a million and a half men in the field. We must do this or rely on British or Allied shipping, and the submarines are constantly depleting British and Allied shipping. To get this six million tons of shipping, without which we cannot strike the blow we ought to strike against Prussian barbarism, the Shipping Board, whose Chairman is Mr. Edward N. Hurley, is bending every end to the completion of the vast programme of building from six to eight million tons of shipping. Under conditions as they exist to-day, with shipyards as they are now being operated and with the number of men now employed in ship-building, it is believed that if we construct three million tons of shipping we should be doing well. We must therefore augment in some way or other our shipyard capacity, the number of men who are already at work in those yards, and the per capita efficiency of those men. It is towards this augmentation of American ship-building power that the campaign inaugurated by the Government is directed. The movement is officially called a movement to create a body of "United States Shipyard Volunteers." The men who sign the pledge as volunteers under this campaign may not be summoned to work to-morrow or the next day, but the Government wants to know what body of expert mechanics it may have in reserve to call on as yards, ship ways, and houses are constructed for this ship-building army.

The question may arise in the mind of the reader what he has to do with this movement if he is not an expert ship mechanic. His first duty is to take such part as he can in arousing public opinion to the necessity of ship-building. Second, he must help his community to make it plain to every mechanic who is fitted by skill and experience to work at ship-building that it is his patriotic duty to volunteer. The ship-builder's work is equal in its honor and responsibility to the duty of the man who has enlisted or been conscripted in the Army or Navy. Our Army and Navy recruits are giving their whole time and thought to the fighting problem. Every man who can lay a keel or drive a rivet must give his entire thought to that question.

If you who read this know a mechanic who is working in a shipyard or who has volunteered to work at some future time in a shipyard, take him by the hand and tell him that you look upon him with the same grateful respect that you look upon the men who are fighting at the western front, and that his country expects him to do his duty just as it expects the soldier or the sailor to do his. Every rivet driven into the plates of a new American transport is a bullet driven into the ranks of the barbarous militarism of Prussia.

THE POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT

The President's request for absolute and unconditional powers to make whatever changes he thinks best in the administrative departments of the Government has definitely established two important facts: (1) That a radical reorganization in those departments is necessary to secure co-ordination and co-operation and power of immediate action; (2) that this power is not granted to the President by the Constitution, and cannot by him be exercised unless granted by legislation.

The United States Constitution gives to Congress power—

> To make *all* laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers [that is, all the enumerated powers of Congress], *and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.*

These departmental powers have been conferred and defined by a great number of laws which the President has no authority to repeal, disregard, or override. The reorganization of the War Department by Secretary Baker, of which we give a summary on page 275, probably goes as far as the President can go without further legislation. It marks a great step in advance. It provides a carefully devised plan both for giving to bureau chiefs authority to act and for co-ordinating their action under one responsible head. It practically abolishes, as far as executive order can do so, the antiquated and ineffective war machine, and puts another in its place. So far as one can judge from reading the description of a new machine in print, it is admirably adapted to its purpose.

But its purpose is limited to a single department of the Government.

It does nothing, and could not do anything, to expedite our ship-building. It does nothing, and could not do anything, to meet the possible perils involved in our complicated labor problem. In England the Government has brought about a reorganization of the laboring force of the whole country, shifting labor from factory to factory and from department to department in factories, so that its productive force has been enormously increased. The British Government has done this by promoting highly skilled labor to the highest places, and promoting the less skilled labor to take their places, thus using the skill of every workman to the greatest advantage, and by bringing women into munition work to such an extent that it has been authoritatively said that the women of England by their shell-making won the Battle of the Somme.

The order of Secretary Baker gives the War Department powers to deal with the transportation of military supplies, but

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it does nothing, and could not do anything, to provide for such an adjustment of military and civil transportation as will prevent another coal famine in 1919.

We do not criticise the order of the War Department. We simply point out its necessary limitations. That order still leaves it the duty of Congress to provide, by appropriate legislation, for a co-ordination of the separate departments of the Government as the Secretary of War has provided for the co-ordination of the separate bureaus in his Department.

The alternative proposed by the Overman Bill—giving the President power to make whatever changes he deems best in the Government machinery—we do not believe Congress or the country will favorably consider. The only argument we have anywhere seen for it is that of the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post:"

> What Mr. Wilson would have if the above provisions were enacted into the law is an elastic Government, one which he could change quickly as the exigencies of the day or moment required. Bureau chiefs would not have to work in constant fear of overstepping some ancient statute or provision of law. Decisions could be made rapidly, and if the President wanted to create two or three new Cabinet officers or department heads he would not have to wait until a measure is introduced, discussed by a committee, and debated and voted on after long delays. He could create bureaus instantly by executive order.

Hitherto the United States has been a country governed by laws. These laws could be changed only by elected representatives of the people after a public discussion of the reasons for the change. Are the advantages of a flexible form of government so great that we should substitute for a government by laws a government dependent upon the judgment or caprice of a single individual who may change them at his pleasure? We do not think so. We do not believe that the country will think so. It will hail the order of Secretary Baker. And it will hope that Congress will develop a plan conceived in the same spirit for the larger reorganization which the Overman Bill makes it clear the President thinks it necessary to win the war.

CRITICISM OF THE ADMINISTRATION

Several readers of The Outlook have stated with varying degrees of vigor their objections to what The Outlook has had to say in criticism of certain aspects of the Administration's prosecution of the war. Some of these letters express very strong feeling. A fair example of the letters we have received from such readers is one which appears on page 271 in this issue of The Outlook.

We recognize that there is room for wide difference in understanding of the facts. The reader who says, for instance, that there are half a million of our men now in France has a different understanding of the facts from that which we have. There is also room for difference of opinion concerning the significance of certain facts. It is not, however, within the range of fairness, and hardly within the range of intelligence, to ascribe all criticism of the Administration's prosecution of the war to motives of partisanship or personal animosity. Indeed, partisan criticism has been during the past ten months conspicuous by its absence; and to-day the severest criticism upon the Administration has come from members of its own party.

By far the greatest part of the criticism directed to the President's prosecution of the war has been not at all personal. The whole country, without regard to party, has cordially recognized President Wilson's great and splendid ability in setting forth in his state papers the principles which should guide America in its war upon Germany and the objects which it is determined to attain. This policy and these objects are most clearly set forth in his now justly famous "fourteen points" address to Congress. Such criticism as has arisen has come from those who believe that President Wilson has not been equally successful as an administrator of the details of America's war activities.

Nor could he be.

No man can devote himself, as President Wilson must, to the philosophical problems of this war and at the same time devote himself to the executive details of putting those philosophical principles into action. It is as though the editor-in-chief of a newspaper should endeavor to frame its large and fundamental policies and at the same time busy himself with the details of bookkeeping or paper-buying or to the employing and direction of each clerical worker.

In past crises American Presidents have not undertaken to gather into their own hands such authority or to dispense with the official assistance of political opponents. Washington had Thomas Jefferson, a personal and party opponent, in his Cabinet; Lincoln had Stanton, a political and personal opponent, in his Cabinet; but there are sometimes indications that President Wilson regards all differences as to policies and principles as the result of personal enmity, and is unwilling to have about him in his official family men who do not accept his own views as the supreme law.

Those who believe that such an attitude on the part of any President must be obstructive to the winning of such a war as we are engaged in, and destructive of the very fabric of our democratic institutions, have not only the right to protest, but are bound by their loyalty to their country to make their protests heard if they can, and to point out what seems to them to be the right course to pursue.

THAT OTHER DISCIPLE

To the February "Atlantic" Dr. Joseph H. Odell contributes an article entitled "Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself," in which he scores, none too severely, the Peters in the modern church; but he forgets that Other Disciple, who went into the court of Caiaphas with his Master and remained with him, his companion, during all the tragic hours which followed. In this article Dr. Odell puts this question: "Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leaders of America during those thirty-two months when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation?" Because silence might seem to indicate that there is no answer, we reply: Archbishop Ireland and Bishop O'Gorman, two of the foremost Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the United States, who both sent to a mass-meeting in New York, December 15, 1916, telegrams of vigorous protest against the enslavement of the Belgians; Dr. Manning, the rector of the richest and most conservative Episcopal church in the United States; Dr. Gordon, the most influential Congregational minister in New England; Drs. Hillis and Cadman, than whom there are no more representative Congregational ministers out of New England; Dr. Fosdick and Bishop Luther Wilson, distinguished representatives respectively of the Baptist and Methodist denominations; and Dr. Henry van Dyke, a representative Presbyterian, are some of the ecclesiastical dignitaries who "essayed the work of spiritual interpretation." To these names we might add those of not less than a score of ministers of different denominations in all parts of the United States whose printed sermons have reached us—sermons directed by the same purpose and animated by the same spirit as Dr. Odell's article, though not possessing the passionate power which only a genius like that of Dr. Odell could have imparted to them. How many printed sermons have never reached us and how many delivered but never printed we have no means of estimating.

Many, we think most, of these representatives of the churches spoke long before Mr. H. G. Wells, whom Dr. Odell hails as a leader, had published "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Dr. van Dyke sent to the Administration from Holland his interpretation of Germany's purpose when Germany began the war, and as soon as he could obtain the right to speak gave that interpretation in articles since published in book form, entitled "Fighting for Peace."

Not less significant than these ministerial utterances as an indication of the spirit of the Church is the fact that from many of our church buildings float Service Flags bearing starry witnesses to the spiritual enthusiasm which has carried their members into this war for humanity—an enthusiasm which we may well believe was enkindled by the ministry of the churches from which they have gone; that many of our theological students have left their studies to interpret their faith in the

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gospel of justice and liberty by offering their lives for their fellow-men across the sea; and that the Young Men's Christian Association, long before the Nation had awakened to its duties, had engaged in a work the spiritual greatness of which Dr. Odell fully recognizes. It is true that the Young Men's Christian Association is a "lay organization," but it is also true that it is a child of the Church, born of her loins and nurtured at her breast.

We hope that Dr. Odell's sweeping indictment of the Church will appeal to the sense of shame, even if it fails to awaken the conscience, of the Peters who during the last three years have sat warming themselves in the comfortable assurance that this war does not concern America. There have been many such both within and without the churches. During the thirty-two months which elapsed between the declaration of war by Germany and the formal entry into the war by America, there were not a few leaders, both in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, who spoke explicit and earnest words for righteousness to the Church and for the Church. Nevertheless the Church was not the leader it ought to have been. The truth is that the Church has from the very earliest ages shown itself a very human institution. Its ministers have been men very like other men. Even in the Master's time his chosen disciples included a Peter who denied him, a Judas who betrayed him, and a James and John who sought office from him. There were apparently more false prophets than true in the days of Micaiah; more Jewish Christians who were afraid to venture out into the light and liberty of a Christian faith than were ready to follow Paul, the great Apostle and also the great heretic of his age. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, the subject of Dr. Odell's eulogy, is a historic figure because he was an exceptional character. History has not furnished many such heroes in either Church or State.

The Church has always learned the truth by painful processes of life. It has always been true that the life is the light of men. Clergy and laity, churchmen and churchless, saints and sinners, we are all pupils together. We who call ourselves followers of the Christ have often misunderstood him, and we have not always really desired to understand him. But, as we may believe that the German people would never have entered upon this crusade of cruelty if they had not been first obsessed by reverence for Odin, the god of force and fear, so neither would there be to-day millions in America with "a Gethsemane in their souls" seeking to make the world's redemption a historic fact if the Church of Christ had not awakened in them the hope of a world redemption and inspired in them faith in a divine Gethsemane.

FOR THE SAILORS AT SEA

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND

Rude wind;
Rude winter wind that blows,
Breath of a thousand winter woes,
Blow softly.
Brother wind that bears
Breath of a thousand mothers' prayers,
Be kind,
Good winter wind.

Cruel sea!
Cruel winter sea that breaks,
Grave of a thousand winter wrecks,
Break softly.
Mother sea that bears
Weight of a thousand mothers' fears,
Salt with a thousand mothers' tears,
Break not their hearts.
Softly!
Oh good gray winter sea.

WHO IS THE UNITED STATES?

SPECIAL WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

WHO is the United States? Do not pause to cavil about the peculiar structure of the sentence; I am compelled to cast it into that form in order to bring out forcefully the biggest fact in the world of to-day. If I were to ask, *What* is the United States? I might get numerous answers: a continent in the Western Hemisphere; a Republic of commonwealths; a democracy; a land inhabited by a hundred million people; and so on. But when I ask, *Who* is the United States? there is one and only one answer: Woodrow Wilson! The answer is final, complete, and admits of no debate. That is what my visit to Washington has taught me beyond a peradventure. I go to the Senate and find from baffled Senators that they are not the United States; Woodrow Wilson is. I go to the House of Representatives and discover quite easily that that docile crowd of Congressmen are not the United States; Woodrow Wilson is. I wander from department to department, from bureau to bureau, from commission to commission, and everywhere it is the same: they are not the United States; Woodrow Wilson is. I meet distracted and confused men from every part of the Union, in khaki and in mufti, each one anxious to do something, to correct something, to suggest something, to accelerate something. "Good! Why don't you do it?" "I am not the United States," each replies; "Woodrow Wilson is!" I sit with groups of newspaper men, representing in the aggregate millions of front pages and editorial columns per day, and I ask, "Why don't you fellows do something?" The answer is the same: "Our papers, with their pages of facts and columns of opinion, are not the United States; Woodrow Wilson is."

Political life in Washington is like a "choppy sea in dirty weather," as the old salts would say. On the surface it is all turmoil—irregular waves and breaking combers, foam, spray, noise. Navigation seems to be uncertain because the upper air makes solar observation difficult. Some of those on the lookout swear they see or hear breakers ahead. The ship of state seems

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to be laboring heavily. The course is evidently being laid by dead reckoning. If we were on an open and oft-traveled route, with the sun high overhead, there would be no anxiety and hardly any need for a lookout. Critics are superfluous when things cannot go wrong. Down below the stokers are sweating "as it were, great drops of blood," to keep the steam gauges at the necessary level. A few of the first-cabin passengers are gambling for high stakes and singing Browning's lyric,

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

A large number of others are in their staterooms praying mightily against a possible disaster. The majority are on deck, straining eyes and ears, trying to show a calm demeanor, but looking anxiously from time to time up to the bridge, to see whether the Captain is there and what his face reveals—anxiety, indifference, or confidence. It may be that we are on an uncharted lee shore, with wind and tide against us. There are rumors to that effect. In laying a course by dead reckoning, the silent set of the tide and the currents are the least calculable but the most decisive factors. Tides are universal but of variable velocity; currents are local but sometimes stronger than the tides. Together, they are the emotions, the convictions, the ideals, the hopes, the fears, and the prejudices of human nature. Does the Captain know their set, their intensity, their part in determining the destination of his ship, with its priceless cargo? For the vessel is entirely, completely, absolutely, in the hands of the Captain. Its owners have put him in supreme command; and, for a long time to come, no power under heaven can annul or suspend those orders. That is the picture the city of Washington imprinted on my mind—Woodrow Wilson is Master of the Ship of State.

One can hear anything one wants to hear in Washington; that is why I have likened the community to a choppy sea. There are optimism and pessimism, fear and confidence, suspicion and serenity, insurgency and loyalty. About the hotel corridors and lounge-rooms one gains the impression that everything is going wrong; the hotel population is made up largely of people with a mission of correction, and missionaries are necessarily vocal. One can pick up a dozen marrow-freezing tales a day of vacillation, dilatoriness, stupidity, utter blindness, or gross incompetency in this or that direction, or department, or bureau, or commission. And it always ends: "If I could only get to the President! He is the master here—the source, the controller, the arbiter!"

In any one of the innumerable bureaus each man seems absorbingly engrossed with his own job, and is complacently certain that, whatever else may be rumored to be wrong in this weltering war community, at least his own particular section of the vast machine is functioning admirably and is beyond criticism and above suspicion. And he feels strongly that criticism should cease; it is unethical; it unintentionally gives "aid and comfort to the enemy;" it is a subtle species of disloyalty. "Love me, love my dog," is oft quoted, and in a manner which says, "You cannot stand back of the President and at the same time kick any one of the departments or bureaus or commissions which is carrying out the will of the President!" They feel that they are miniature replicas of the supreme mind, and that allegiance to that mind must cover them also. At any rate, the only thoroughly happy, contented, and satisfied people in Washington are the bureaucrats, big and little; and their self-satisfaction seems only to vary in accordance with their proximity to the President. Of course there may be an occasional exception, but he is very discreet.

The newspaper men—known at home as "Our Special Washington Correspondent"—are so engrossed with the story of each day and so eager to get their current news feature into the next issue that they have little time for review or preview. They are day laborers and "laborers worthy of their hire," for without their careful chronicle the prophet, the philosopher, or the practical man of affairs would be minus the data for his grand deductions. And they are conscious that they do not get the real news; in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, in the corridors of the departments, and in the anterooms of the bureaus they are simply skirting about the fringes of authority, they are only in the precincts of power. The soul, the center, the seat of all that is vital and determinative, is in the White House. "What do you think of the chances of this particular bill?" I ask a reporter from the Senate. "Tell me what the President thinks and that will be my answer," he says. "How will the House act on this measure?" I ask a reporter from the House of Representatives. "Whichever way the President wishes," he replies. Congress exists in Washington to-day to put into legal form whatsoever powers the President believes he needs. Congress has denied him nothing. Never before in the history of this Nation have the legislative and the executive branches of the Government fused so perfectly. As we have asked, "Who is the United States?" we might further ask, "Who is the Senate? Who is the House of Representatives?" And the answer in each case must be the same: Woodrow Wilson, he is the Senate, he is the House of Representatives; his mind, his policies, his wishes, his will, are supreme. The Chamberlain episode was just the kind of an exception to prove the rule.

Does any one doubt the statements so far made? Well, let us be specific.

When President Wilson asked for certain sums of money with which to carry on a war to "make the world safe for democracy," the amounts requested were voted without hesitation.

When President Wilson asked for specified powers to conscript the available manhood of the Nation for military purposes, those powers were granted with amazing promptness.

When President Wilson asked for the legal instrumentalities by which he could control or regulate or "take over" the food, the fuel, and the transportation of the country, those instrumentalities were placed unreservedly in his hands. He has selected Mr. Hoover to act for him as Food Controller, Dr. Garfield as Fuel Controller, and Mr. McAdoo as Director of Transportation.

When President Wilson has wanted the consent of Congress for any other powers which he needs as Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the Nation or for flexibility in methods of administration, that consent has been given or implied in almost instantaneous and unanimous legislation. His appointments have been promptly ratified. In a dozen ways Congress has given him what would be equivalent to votes of confidence under foreign parliamentary rules.

Thus the President has had a free hand in creating a Council of National Defense, a War Industries Board, a Shipping Board, and various and sundry other advisory or administrative organizations. His appointments to these councils and boards have been entirely his own, made without dictation or pressure or even suggestion from the legislative branch of the Government. Never in a single instance has the will of the President been thwarted or even hampered. Not one of the rulers or presidents or premiers of our allies has anything like the unrestricted, unsupervised, unshared power which now belongs, constitutionally or by specific legislation, to President Woodrow Wilson.

Further still it can be shown that President Wilson *is* the United States. Our foreign relations are carried on through the Department of State. No one for a moment imagines that Mr. Lansing initiates policies, or even modifies them to any considerable degree. Many of the most important aspects of our foreign policy are first made known to the world in a speech delivered to Congress by the President himself, and are therefore out of the class of ordinary state papers. The Secretary of War is not only appointed by the President, but he is retained in office by the President when under criticism. The President frankly accepts the responsibility, thereby accepting the responsibility for the conduct of the Department of War. Cabinet officers are not responsible to the people or to Congress but to the President, and the President is obviously satisfied with the arrangement. When the Senate Committee on Military Affairs prepares bills, not to embarrass or weaken the President, but to help him, according to their belief, in co-ordinating the functions of the Administration, the President announces his opposition to the measures and begs members of the Senate not even to discuss them on the floor of the chamber.

But, because there has been some friction or misunderstanding between some members of the Senate Committee on Military

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Affairs and one of his Cabinet officers, the President requests Senator Overman to introduce a bill into the Senate (February 6, 1918) with the following preamble: "A bill authorizing the President to co-ordinate and consolidate the executive bureaus, agencies, and officers, and for other purposes in the interest of economy and the more effective administration of the Government." This bill, if it is passed, will make the War Cabinet Bill and the Ministry of Munitions Bill quite superfluous. The President will take upon himself, by deliberate legislation requested by himself, the full and absolute and unshared responsibility for the conduct of every department and bureau and agency and officer of the Government, and for the allocation of all moneys "heretofore or hereafter appropriated" by Congress to the use of any new agency which the President may select or create in the process of the co-ordination. Or, to be very simple, the President asks for the power to rearrange the administrative branch as he sees fit, and to spend the Nation's money through any channel he ordains. Obviously this means that the financial resources of the Nation, as well as all the assignable powers of Government, shall be put absolutely into the hands of President Wilson.

Even though the Overman Bill should be defeated or die in committee, still the President has practically every power a chief executive can use. He may not hold the powers by direct gift of an omnibus act of legislation, but they belong to him by various specific acts of legislation, by his position of authority under the Constitution, by his right of veto and his prerogative of appointment. If not *de jure*, by a blanket law like that outlined in the Overman Bill, yet *de facto*, by actual exercise of authority, President Wilson is the center and almost the sum total of the powers of democracy, excepting of course the functions of the judiciary. This, then, is how it stands: the man-power resources, the financial resources, the material resources of fuel, food, and transportation, the legislative resources (by the consent of the legislatures hitherto), the administrative resources, the executive resources, the military and naval resources, are all now centered in and controlled by President Wilson, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States. Democracy has a single human exponent whose will is final, Woodrow Wilson; autocracy has a single human exponent whose will is final, Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

My province is not to criticise but to state facts, to describe conditions. No President could have had more thorough and devoted allegiance than that accorded to Mr. Wilson by the people of the United States. To a very marked degree political partisanship, sectarian difference, regional rivalries, and industrial feuds have all been sunk in a splendid display of loyalty. But the people were and are loyal to Woodrow Wilson because he is the symbol of the principles upon which the Republic rests and the ideals toward which it strives. The loyalty is to the man who fills the executive office and who exercises the function of interpreter of those principles and ideals. When Woodrow Wilson was President of Princeton University, the people felt no peculiar loyalty toward him; now that he is President of the United States they feel that everything of value in their material, social, moral, and spiritual life is summarized in him. And that loyalty is universal.

They recognize now—it has come upon them in full force during the past few days—that he is more than the symbol of democracy; he is the actual holder of all the powers of democracy. Who is the United States? Woodrow Wilson is! He sums up in himself all the operative powers of democracy just as Wilhelm Hohenzollern sums up in himself all the operative powers of autocracy. To put it bluntly: this war has settled down into a contest between Woodrow Wilson, the human embodiment of democracy, and Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the human embodiment of autocracy.

Is the statement true? Let us try it out by a rigid process of logic. Russia can give no further aid toward winning the war. Italy can continue to fight only with the assistance of Great Britain and France. France, indomitable, is nevertheless at the limit of her man power. Great Britain has just come to the zenith of her available resources. With Russia eliminated, the western European Allies cannot defeat Germany. They confess it; they welcome our aid as their one hope of success; all the glorious sacrifices of the past three years and a half would have been in vain but for the accession of the United States. Without our money, without our aerial service, without our food, without our munitions, without our men, democracy in Europe must go down before autocracy. The United States is the final factor in the fight. Who is the United States? Woodrow Wilson is. If we beat down militarism and overthrow barbarism, it will be Woodrow Wilson's victory—the most glorious personal achievement in the history of the ages. The money, the food, the fuel, the fabricating materials, the men who fight and work, are in his hands. He initiates the policies and he controls the processes and he directs the forces which are to bring the Allies to the goal. The responsibility is his because the power is his. The responsibility is awful; the power is adequate.

There is only one thing in America stronger than Woodrow Wilson—public opinion! Practically, he controls Congress; actually, the departments are his subordinates. Doubtless in cases where expert knowledge is required the President calls in expert advisers, and their experience serves to guide him. Sometimes public opinion can be neglected. Public opinion is divided on the War Cabinet Bill; public opinion is divided on the Ministry of Munitions Bill; public opinion is divided on the question of a change in the office of the Secretary of War; public opinion is divided on the wisdom of Senator Chamberlain's charges. But there is one subject on which public opinion is united—so united that there is scarcely an infinitesimal crack or seam in it from the Atlantic to the Pacific—*we must win the war!* We must win the war conclusively, decisively, finally. We must win the war in such a way that militaristic autocracy will be shorn of its power forever. We must win the war, whatever it costs in money and men.

The people will forgive the President those slips of human judgment which even the greatest of men may make. They will be lenient toward his personal loyalties and his errors in the handling of unfamiliar business. They will be patient, and endeavor to correct the mistakes or stupidities of his subordinates. And they will not try to take any of his vast powers away from him; he is welcome to them, and to the choice of his subordinates, and to his peculiar methods of business administration—if he only will win the war.

For it burns now as a deep passion in the souls of the American people to defeat the cowardly and barbaric militaristic rulers of Germany. The people have pledged their honor, their wealth, their lives, to do it. The one thing the American people will not tolerate, will not even contemplate, is a negotiated peace, a peace which would leave the sacramental object of the conflict unrealized. Let me use a hypothesis—the only one I have used in this article. If the American people should discover that their President, contrary to his first point in what is known as the Fourteen Point speech of January 8, 1918—"*Open covenants of peace and no more private international understandings*"—if the American people should discover that their President is working through his Holiness the Pope to influence the Emperor Charles of Austria, or is dealing with Count Czernin on behalf of the Emperor Charles, in order to bring about a bargain-counter peace in which France is to be robbed of her holy and consuming claim to Alsace-Lorraine, then the people would turn from the President with a horror and an anger which would know no bounds. For the American people are not primarily interested in altering the map of Europe; they are dedicated to the establishment of justice, righteousness, fair dealing, and human sanctities in the earth. To this end they will make any sacrifice and endure any suffering. To this end they have invested the President with powers which come as near to omnipotence as any man can wield. For the time being they have abdicated many deeply cherished personal, social, industrial, and governmental rights, in order that those rights may be so much added power to the President. It used to be said: "We, the People, we are the United States!" Now it is said: "Woodrow Wilson, he is the United States!" And all that he may win the war! Not to end the war by barter, or by territorial redistribution, or by a finely readjusted balance of power—no, but to win by the defeat of Prussian arrogance and brute force and barbarity and inhuman militarism—a defeat at arms, which is the only logic that the Prussians are capable of understanding.

Washington, D. C.

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BUILDING THE BRIDGE TO FRANCE

WHY THE GOVERNMENT IS CALLING FOR UNITED STATES SHIPYARD VOLUNTEERS

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

IT has been stated by no less an authority than the Secretary of War that our military preparations are safeguarded by the fact that the war is three thousand miles away. While our reserve army is being selected and trained we have Great Britain and France holding the front-line trenches for us; while our munition plants are turning out shot and shell for 1919 France is supplying the ordnance necessities for Pershing and his men. But our greatest advantage is also our greatest handicap. If we could read the mind of the German General Staff, we should find them attaching equal importance to that distance of three thousand miles as a factor in the war, but with a difference; they are relying upon our remoteness to accomplish our defeat. They know that tonnage is the crux of our problem.

They give passing attention to our training of a million or two men in the cantonments, to our work of producing and conserving food, our raising of Liberty Loans, our production of supplies and munitions, and our development of an airplane industry; they regard with academic interest our preoccupation with the fuel shortage and Dr. Garfield's heroic measures; their attention is focused upon the question of tonnage, upon our shipyards, and upon the work of the United States Shipping Board. They know better than we that without ships all these other things avail us nothing; that ships are the neck of the bottle.

If Berlin has underrated our strength, it is because the Germans did not believe that we were equal to the task of turning out a merchant fleet several times bigger than any that existed before 1914, and doing it fast enough to win.

It is a stupendous executive task that the Shipping Board has been obliged to face. They had to begin with virtually nothing. Last April ship-building was a feeble and neglected industry. We had only too few up-to-date, businesslike shipyards; these were choked with boats being built for the Navy and for foreign and private firms. The problem was not like that of building up the airplane industry. Howard Coffin was able to adapt the brains and machinery of the automobile business to a kindred task, whereas the industry of ship construction had to be built up from the bottom. Few Americans knew anything about its immense technical details. People had not paid much attention to merchant shipping for sixty years. And then we woke up to the fact that, with war declared and the submarines eating up six hundred thousand tons a month, on the Shipping Board rested the cruel responsibility of somehow building the yards, and the ships in the yards, which alone would make effective our participation in the war.

To handle this administrative task the Board, under the chairmanship of William Denman, of California, created a Government-owned Emergency Fleet Corporation with a capital of fifty million dollars. The members of the Board acted as trustees of the Corporation. Major-General Goethals became its General Manager. While the Shipping Board proper had charge of the operation of ships already built, so as to supply as economically as possible the needs of the country for raw materials and food and the needs of our allies for supplies of every sort, and also had charge of repairing and putting into service the several hundred thousand tons of German shipping in our ports, the Emergency Fleet Corporation tackled the building job.

This meant mapping out a huge programme for the building of steel ships, wooden ships, composite ships, and what are called fabricated steel ships—that is, ships in which part of the construction is done by outside shops on a standardized plan, rather than in the yards.

It meant studying the extent of the supply of steel and wood, and seeing that this supply was maintained and, if necessary, extended. Whenever a firm that engaged to furnish materials failed to do so, it meant stepping in and finding another source of supply.

It meant drawing the plans and specifications for ships of a standard size and speed; and when the would-be contractors appeared in Washington it meant studying their capacity and equipment, coming to terms with them, financing their undertakings, and assuring them a fair but not too generous compensation.

It meant commandeering the ships already being built in the yards for foreign and private firms, and hastening as far as possible the work on these and on new ships by securing the ablest engineers available to supervise their construction.

Also it meant adjusting the innumerable differences between the ship-builders and labor. It meant coming to an understanding with the longshoremen who had to load the vessels. There have been numerous strikes to arbitrate. Impartial commissions have been sent to study the cost of living in the vicinity of shipyards on both coasts and to determine an equitable general wage scale. While it became clear that the supply of labor would have to be hugely increased, the Shipping Board had to plan for the housing of thousands of additional shipyard artisans, for the enrollment of a volunteer reserve of skilled mechanics who could be drawn to the yards when needed, and for the education of skilled labor in the occupations peculiar to shipbuilding.

In this stupendous undertaking the Emergency Fleet Corporation was handicapped for some time, not only by an inadequate administrative force—the Corporation was not even created until April 16, and one cannot build up a complete technical staff in a month, or even in three months—but also by defective organization. As the by-laws of the Fleet Corporation originally stood, authority was divided. Although the Chairman of the Shipping Board was also the President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation—so far, so good—he did not have the power to appoint or remove its General Manager. The General Manager was elected by the trustees—that is, by the Shipping Board as a whole—and at the will of President Wilson, who had appointed these men themselves. General Goethals, the first General Manager, was therefore not answerable to William Denman, Chairman of the Board. And yet Denman, who could not discharge Goethals if he wanted to, or appoint or dismiss a single one of Goethals's subordinates, had to sign every contract as President of the Fleet Corporation.

The situation was loaded with dynamite. It happened that Goethals believed in speed before everything else. He did not believe in losing days going over contracts with a fine-tooth comb looking for opportunities for excessive profits. He believed in placing the contracts as rapidly as possible; and then, he argued, if we find that ship-builders are making too much money, we can take it out of them by taxation. Mr. Denman felt differently. He feared wasting the people's money in extravagant contracts. He also happened to think more highly of the merit of wooden ships than General Goethals, who knew that we had a larger available supply of steel than of seasoned lumber, and that the work of building wooden ships could never be completely standardized, but would always depend on the craftsmanship and resourcefulness of individual artisans. The inevitable conflict between the two men came to a head. President Wilson accepted the resignation of General Goethals, asked Mr. Denman to resign also, and appointed Edward N. Hurley, of Chicago, and Rear-Admiral Capps as Chairman of the Board and General Manager of the Corporation respectively.

Although there was never conflict between Hurley and Capps, and Hurley very sensibly signed all the Admiral's contracts without question or delay, nevertheless the seeds of dissension were still there. Authority and responsibility remained divided until November 26. On that day the by-laws of the Fleet Corporation were changed. The General Manager became an appointive officer, holding his position at the will of the President of the Corporation—that is to say, of the Chairman of the Shipping Board. The General Manager also gave up to the President the control and management of the Corporation and

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the power to employ and discharge all clerks, employees, and agents. Responsibility and authority were now united in Hurley alone. Admiral Capps shortly after resigned, on account of ill health; Hurley appointed Admiral Harris General Manager, and after Harris's resignation a few weeks later gave the General manager's duties over to Charles Piez, of Chicago. At last, after many months, the Shipping Board's organization was unified.

Other obstacles have delayed the production of ships. There have been numerous difficulties over the terms of contracts; it is not easy to agree upon an equitable rate of compensation when so many factors—wages, cost of materials, labor supply, etc.—are uncertain. Several times the specifications for wooden ships had to be changed—once because they did not provide adequate strength, and once again because timbers as large as they called for were not available. Many a promising contract was never translated from paper into steel; ship-building is a difficult business to learn, and has its proportion of failures. And there have been a whole flock of troubles connected with labor.

Up to last Christmas there had been 596,992 working days lost through strikes—the equivalent of twenty thousand men out for thirty days. The difficulty of lighting the yards so as to make possible the employment of two or three shifts has been a stumbling-block. So has been the lack of an adequate system of proper employment agencies to take care of the shifting demands for shipyard labor. So also has been the continuing opposition of the unions to plants for the dilution of labor; the unions will allow mechanics to be recruited from allied skilled occupations such as the building trades, but will not countenance the training of unskilled or semi-skilled men, because they spoil the market for expert labor and tend to bring down wages. Labor must be housed; yet the Shipping Board was for a long while uncertain whether it had a legal right to finance the housing of workmen building ships for private companies which had Government contracts—and the houses had to wait.

More perplexing still has been the attitude of labor in the yards. Wages have been greatly increased to secure the mechanics so sorely needed. The increase has brought about a general slackness on the job; many men prefer to work only four days a week, since they can earn more money now in four days than they used to be able to earn in six. The number of rivets driven every day by each man has fallen off too—fallen off as much as forty or fifty per cent, according to some estimates. The shipyards are filled with a floating industrial population whose restlessness has again and again been aggravated by the employers themselves, many of whom persist in bidding against each other for men, sometimes even sending their foremen to wait at the gates of the next plant and offer high wages to the workmen coming out. The war spirit has not spread to the yards. One at least of the biggest ones in the country—and I do not know how many others are in the same class—is quiet from Saturday at one o'clock until Monday morning. Three shifts? They are not even working Saturday afternoons. The men can afford not to work, and the company cannot afford to make them. Meanwhile the war depends on ships; the lives of these men's brothers and sons and friends, and the future of their country, depend on ships. This is the toughest problem that Mr. Hurley has to face.

To look back upon the progress of the Shipping Board from April to February is to realize that it has been going through the preliminary stage of growth and experiment. It has been largely concerned with cutting a path through thicket after thicket of difficulties and obstructions. It has been building up the necessary industrial machinery to perform its gigantic task. Progress has been necessarily slow. We are aiming at a production of six million tons a year. At present the rate of production appears to be something like three million. This is a great fleet to turn out in a year. It is three times as big as the Hamburg-American fleet was in 1914, and the Hamburg-American was the biggest merchant fleet then in existence. But it is not big enough.

Yet there is light ahead. Authority is now centralized in Mr. Hurley, a man of energy and ability and common sense. He has built up his organization. The new ships are beginning actually to go into service; forty-nine of those commandeered on the ways on August 3 had gone into the water by December 21. Others are being added every week; and since late in November almost every week has seen the launching of a brand-new vessel, entirely built on contract with the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

At last the housing programme is under way, and the Shipping Board is assured adequate funds for it. A ship-builders' Plattsburg is being conducted at Newport News—a school to train skilled mechanics to teach the shipyard trades to other mechanics who are skilled in allied occupations. And on February 1 began a campaign for the enrollment of mechanics all over the country as United States Shipyard Volunteers; the theory of this campaign being that, while it is fatal to call mechanics to shipyards where housing conditions are inadequate or expansion is not immediately contemplated, an enrollment of skilled mechanics will locate these men so that as the need and the opportunity arise they may be moved to the yards, each one being directed to a definite job at a particular place, and being assured of adequate housing on his arrival.

The State and County Councils of Defense and the Public Service Reserve of the Department of Labor are conducting this campaign for the Shipping Board. They aim to enroll several hundred thousand men, so that traveling examiners may later select two hundred and fifty thousand who are up to the standard of the yards: expert acetylene and electrical welders, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, carpenters, chippers and calkers, electrical workers, foundry workers, laborers, loftsmen, machinists, painters, plumbers, ship fitters, and structural iron workers—men of expert technical skill and of character—men who will do a full day's work.

A full day's work. That is the heart of the problem. Probably enough mechanics of one sort or another will be enrolled. But will they be men who are willing to do a full day's work six days in the week? Earnest men who realize that the outcome of the war depends on the number of rivets they drive each day? One by one the Shipping Board has rolled the rocks out of its road; one stone still squarely blocks the way—the spiritlessness of labor. While the Board can compel the owners of any yard to do its bidding by commandeering the yard and putting them under Government orders, it cannot compel labor; any student of the industrial situation will acknowledge this. The Board has instituted on the Pacific Coast a ten per cent premium to those men who work full time. Although this is one way of getting a man to work six days a week when he can afford to work three or four, and it may be a way of getting him to drive 300 rivets a day instead of 150, it is not the best way. The best way is to convince him that the job is worth doing, and that the drafted man who gets thirty dollars a month has a right to expect honest service from his brother in the yards who gets from five to twelve dollars a day and whose work is so immeasurably important.

How shall we convince him of this?

The answer is that he must feel behind him the moral compulsion of a united community. He must know that the public is watching his work day by day, fully aware that on the energy with which he applies himself to his job depends, more than on anything else, the outcome of the war. He must feel that people everywhere are talking ships, ships, ships, and demanding speed from every riveter and steamfitter in the yards. The moral compulsion of a united community is what sells Liberty bonds and swells the membership of the Red Cross and makes the operation of the draft a possibility. Nobody dares swim against the stream; few even think of doing so. The same current must sweep us toward completion of the shipping programme. The man in the yard must feel a soldier's pride, a soldier's sense of duty. The ship-builder's badge must be a badge of honor to him—as full of meaning as a uniform. He must feel that every Tom, Dick, and Harry in his town honors him for his place in the first line of offense against the submarine and wants to see him do his job like a man. Community sentiment is contagious, and the right kind will build ships.

If we are to give the men in the shipyards this kind of support, we ourselves must see the shipping situation in its true proportion. We must accept these undeniable facts, and base all our thinking of the war upon them:

That we have not this winter sufficient available tonnage under

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the American flag to provide food, materials, and supplies for our present army in France and for the needs of our allies.

That even with the assistance of British merchant tonnage we have not yet enough to maintain one million men in France.

Mr. Hoover is trying to keep starvation at bay for the hungry people of Europe, and to this end he has called upon us to save food; without ships this conservation will go to waste. The munitions plants of the United States are working overtime to turn out the guns and shells upon which hang the fate of the western battle-line; without ships these munitions will not save the day. Without ships the supplies of clothes and tents and blankets and everything else urgently needed in France are useless; they will merely pile up on our docks. Mr. Hurley himself has told us that shortage of ships has been largely responsible for the present congestion on the Eastern seaboard, and thus indirectly for the Garfield fuel order. Without ships our hope of winning the war in the air vanishes, and the great new aircraft industry is rendered futile.

Without ships Pershing's army is endangered, and the rest of our great military force will have to resign themselves to training and drilling and waiting in American cantonments. Secretary Baker's confidence that the War Department can have an army of five hundred thousand men in France this spring is based upon the hypothesis that ships can be obtained. The date of the second draft, and the effectiveness of this second half million as a weapon against Germany, depend upon ships.

Ships are more than a means of victory; they are an absolute condition of victory.

LONDON ETCHINGS

BY GRACE BOYNTON MONKS

I—BATTERSEA NIGHTS

December 15, 1916.

TO-NIGHT the searchlights were up, and I rode across Battersea Bridge on the top of a bus and walked back to watch them. Some were like golden fishes swimming in the sky, and others great streaks of light. Suddenly there was a remarkable effect. Two very powerful searchlights were thrown across the sky from different points in London, making a perfect cross. One bar of light extended above the river, parallel with it, and the other stretched its great arms over London. The symbolism was unmistakable. It was symbolic of a whole city, and a whole country, and a whole nation, and a great alliance of nations crucified. We live, indeed, in an age when many men are offering up their lives in divine sacrifice.

II—SUFFERING

December 17, 1916.

The day I went to register with the police I waited in the courtyard of the police headquarters. The walls were of dreary yellow brick stained with soot, and the court was paved with bricks of the same color. There is no building material more depressing than yellow, soot-stained London bricks.

The only occupant of the court besides myself was a small dog chained to a kennel. He was of no special breed; he was small, brown and yellow in coloring, with large eyes capable of expressing the deepest misery. As a dog he wasn't much, but as an expression of canine, or it is not too much to say human, suffering he was the whole thing. It is several weeks now since I saw him, but the expression of those eyes remains with me, and will continue to do so as long as my understanding of suffering continues to exist. He sat shivering on the pavement, yellow and soot-stained like the bricks about him. He had an eagerness of soul which made him prick his ears at every footfall in the hope that his master had come to claim him, but his eyes expressed resignation. He had that wonderfully rare combination of qualities, eternal hope and eternal resignation. Life had dealt evilly with him. He had nowhere to sit but the cold, damp bricks of a police courtyard.

A policeman came through the court, and I told him I believed the dog felt cold. The bobby not ungently told the small shivering creature to go into the kennel. The dog politely complied. As soon as the policeman's back was turned, however, out he crept and renewed his shivers on the pavement. The bit of straw was no consolation for the wider range of scent and vision which the open court afforded. I crossed over to him and patted him and tried to express my sympathy. Again he showed his innate politeness, but no enthusiasm. There was one person in all London whose voice and scent the dog would recognize instantly, and the sight of whom would make him wag his tail wildly and emit quick, happy barks. That person did not come. Why? The little dog with the wonderful eyes was nearer to solving the mystery than I am.

III—BATTERSEA NIGHTS

December 23, 1916.

Last night a barge was moored to a wharf on the Battersea side of the river, close to the bridge. It was rigged with an old sail, and the lines of the sail and the cords by which it was fastened made a beautiful outline. The night was fine; the lights on the fireboat shone brightly; a tug was moving swiftly up the river, her stern light shining like a ruby.

The policeman who stands guard at the end of Battersea Bridge knows me now. He used to keep a keen eye on me, and wouldn't allow me out of his sight. I am sure he thought I had serious intentions of hurling myself into the river, and didn't want it to happen on his beat. Since I have taken him into my confidence he is a different man, and allows me to stand perfectly still gazing at the river as long as I like. I told him I found the river beautiful at night, and he said he did too, so now we understand one another.

IV—BALLOONS IN THE SKY

December 27, 1916.

When I turn into Cheyne Walk I always stop to look at Battersea Bridge and my beloved Four Chimneys. Yesterday was fine, and the sky was unusually blue. All at once I saw a balloon in the sky, and then another, and then another. They were crossing the river in a procession. I counted five, one over Battersea, just disappearing into a cloud. They were patrolling the sky. Thus do balloons keep watch over London in war time.

To-day, when the wind was blowing from the west, I saw another balloon, a single one this time. The combination of the blue sky and the white balloon was one of those supremely beautiful things, the kind of beauty which leaves one as speechless as love. I felt as if I could never stop looking at it. There was a peculiarly beautiful quality in the atmosphere, and a great fascination about that white ball floating in the blue sky.

V—A CONFERENCE FOR DISCUSSING THE POSSIBILITY OF COMMUNICATING WITH THE LIVING

January 3, 1917.

I have just come home from a conference in which the possibility of communicating with the dead was discussed. I would prefer a conference in which the possibility of communicating with the living came under discussion. Why not first try to perfect ourselves in the art of communicating with our fellows on this earth before we try to communicate with those beyond? Why would not a person who could truthfully say that he was able to make his meaning clear to his friends be more qualified to communicate with the dead than would a person with mediumistic powers in a cabinet hung with black velvet?

"We stand on islands shouting to one another across a sea of misunderstanding." I wonder how often people understand the exact meaning of what we say, I wonder how often we state our meaning exactly, and I wonder in how many cases we ourselves are perfectly sure of what we mean? Are not these subjects for discussion and research and thought? The Society for Psychical Research should be a graduate school for those who have made a thorough and successful research of the things of every day. I confess the phenomenon of every-day life appeals to me more than the phenomenon of ghosts. At the meeting last night the chairman gave a very eloquent plea for personality as being the greatest thing in life and also in death. This is

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undoubtedly true, and perhaps those people who have been able to solve the mystery of personality in the living may be able to do so in the dead.

VI—BATTERSEA DAYS

January 17, 1917.

This morning I stood at my window and looked at the sun and watched the copper-colored path of light it made across the river. Sometimes a sea-gull flew over the dancing copper waves and dragged his feet in the water and became part of the glowing, fiery path. Consciously I was thinking of the beauty of the river, and subconsciously, as always, my thoughts were on the suffering of the war. If God makes nature so glowing and perfect, he must, at the end of the struggle, intend something equally glowing and perfect for man.

VII—CHELSEA SUNSET

February 4, 1917.

There was a yellow glow in the sky—the yellow glow Turner has painted so often. Four Chimneys were black and still in the yellow haze, and the sun, red and mysterious, looked between them. He shot an all-embracing glance down the Embankment at the Sunday afternoon crowd and knew us all. I, for one, realized that my secrets were in his keeping. As always, he kept his own counsel. The Greeks knew more of him than we do, but even for them he preserved his mystery. The sky was full of charm and power and passion—yellow, black, and red.

VIII—BATTERSEA NIGHTS

February 11, 1917.

I walked up and down, up and down, the Embankment late into the night. I crossed and recrossed Battersea Bridge, and walked to Oakly Bridge and crossed the river there for a change. The night was clear; a half of the moon hung over the river. There would be no Zepps that night. The side streets looked unusually black in contrast to the light over the river. The street lamps had been painted a wonderful green. For once the city authorities had hit on a really beautiful color. Lamps glowed like emeralds at the corners of black little streets, and once I caught sight of a lamp half-way down a side street shining with an intensely green light in absolute blackness. Walking down a London street is like walking down a railway track through a black forest with all-clear signals ahead.

The only blazing lights I encountered came from inside a coffee-stall which stood just below Oakly Bridge. Here a man in a green jacket sold steaming coffee and damp cakes to a crowd of pale-faced boys. It was late when I returned to Battersea Bridge. The moon was approaching Four Chimneys. The river or the night, or both together, had thrown a light mist over Four Chimneys, veiling but not concealing their great strength and power.

IX—BATTERSEA NIGHTS

April 7, 1917.

A tug woke me up early this morning. It was screaming in mid-river and trying to get up enough steam to move three barges away from Battersea Landing. I never draw my curtain at night, so that I may be sure not to miss anything that goes on on the river. I was thankful to the little tug for waking me up and calling my attention to the beauty of the river at that particular hour of the morning. Day was just breaking. There was a gray veil of mist over the river. Everything was gray—gray vibrating with the life of coming day.

The tug was pushing and nosing three barges, one at her bow and two at her stern. She pushed and snorted and wheezed, and seemed to say, "Get along with you, you lazy beggars! Don't expect to be sleeping at the wharf all day." Slowly they swung out into the river and moved down stream. Two yellow lights shone out from the barges at the tug's bow and a red light burned through the gray mist at the tug's stern. The last barge was still a part of the general grayness. I could just discern a man's figure pulling at a long oar.

X—MANORWAY

April 10, 1917.

The war seems to have done away with the difference between night and day. The period of rest and the period of exertion seem to have merged themselves into one long period of exertion. I look out on the river at two or three in the morning, and it is as busy as the river at midday. Barges are being towed up and down and goods being shipped from the wharves. Huge vans rattle along the road beneath my window and the streets are as full of people at night as they are in the daytime.

At Woolwich Arsenal there are two twelve-hour shifts, and as much work is done at night as by day. The other evening I motored from the Manorway Gate of the Arsenal to the entrance of the danger buildings and returned just as the night shift were going in to work. The chauffeur had to go at a snail's pace, blowing his horn continually. The broad roads which run between the buildings were crowded from side to side, swarming with workers, principally women. They had to crowd together at the side of the road to make room for the car to pass. These women were going in on a twelve-hour night shift—some whose work would be purely mechanical, others who would have difficult operations to perform, and many who worked in actual danger. Those who were going to the buildings from which I had just come knew that unless they took the utmost care there was danger of an explosion, and had a night and a succession of nights and days to look forward to when they would be breathing in yellow powder in spite of veils and all the precautions the Government can provide. I knew them by their yellow hair and faces. Occasionally a head in that vast mob of faces nodded to me or a hand waved, for I have friends among them.

XI—BATTERSEA AFTERNOONS

April 29, 1917.

This Sunday afternoon there is a strangely fascinating string of barges between Putney Bridge and here. They are strung out in a zigzag line, black masses separated by light streaks of water. The way the bargemen have moored them is singularly satisfactory. If one bargeman with the soul of an artist had stood on the shore and yelled to his companion in mid-river where to moor each boat to secure the best artistic effect, the result could not have been better, and probably would not have been half so good.

I have just been out to Richmond. The river was very gay. It is said that Richmond is the gayest spot in England. It is so gay as to be almost French. I saw many French there this afternoon. The river was full of life—officers home on leave rowing good-looking women, and good-looking women rowing officers recovering from wounds; people who had never been on the river in a boat before, and people thoroughly accustomed to the water. It was all very gay and pleasant in the height of the afternoon, but I prefer my window and the silent line of barges, black in the fading light.

XII—MAY DAY

May 1, 1917.

I remember landing in England on May Day, 1903. The Liverpool streets were so gay that their freshness remains with me still. Out of that very sordid town had sprung the gayety of spring. The horses were bright with ribbons and wore rakish straw hats, and their drivers were full of pride. Their love of animals is the only love the English are not ashamed of showing. The carter who would feel disgraced if he showed any tenderness for his wife does not mind patting his horse and smiling at one's words of admiration.

The May Day of peace times was a charming expression of the joy of spring. To-day—May, 1917—there are fewer horses decorated. The men who decorated them are at the front or buried in French graves, and the horses, too, have many of them been requisitioned. Horses that had their manes braided and wore straw sunbonnets in Merry England have the spring flowers of France growing over their graves. What a terrible connotation the dates 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, have for those of us who are alive to-day! They will always ring in our ears to the rattle of shrapnel, the bursting of bombs, and the anguish of the dying. But, thank God, they also ring with cheers of courage. May, 1903, was full of the joy of spring in England, and May, 1917, is full of the joy of sacrifice, for there is a joy in fearing nothing and giving all.

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WHOSE PRISONER?

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR[1]

III—ARNOLD'S ESCAPE TO AMERICA

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

CAPTAIN PIERON had read Adair's letter as far as the point where, after his strange reunion with his old friend Reinhardt von Bruck, the intrepid lieutenant had at length come to realize that he was lying concealed in the German headquarters of a little Alsatian town, if he was not actually Reinhardt's prisoner! The captain continued his reading of Arnold's letter with breathless interest:

The whacking and banging below me, in the garage of the barn where I was hidden, continued, but, in spite of the racket and the torture of my disappointment, I slept intermittently, my wet handkerchief over my face and a camouflage of hay over it. Finally the buzzing of a motor awoke me, and I turned my face to the wall in anticipation of being dragged from my cot, as usual, by a relentless orderly. No such luck, however. Five unyielding straws jabbed me simultaneously. I came to with a start.

Creeping to the window, I saw a smart touring car back out of the garage and pass up the driveway toward the house. The rear of the house alone was visible. I looked at my watch. Six o'clock! I had slept all the afternoon!

Spending an hour or so in gloomy meditation, occasionally twisting and rubbing some of the pains out of my damp back and legs, I turned over the situation in my mind. Well! Here we all were. Domaz, Von Bruck, and Adair—classmates all, of the old Verney School. Separated for five years, and now suddenly all three thrown unhappily together within the confines of the carefully guarded domicile of his Highness. One of the three would cheerfully remove himself from the August Presence without arguing about it—but how? Conflans lay halfway between Verdun and Metz. I was a good thirty miles away from No Man's Land—that impassable barrier stretched across France. And I was on the wrong side of that impassable barrier. Impassable—save by the air! No use thinking about the air route now, however.

Bunny was gone. Well, I couldn't blame him. He could do nothing else. He certainly couldn't have assisted me to escape. His efforts in that direction could not have benefited me and would inevitably have ruined him.

I descended the ladder and cautiously examined the premises. In the garage end of the barn I found a magnificent Daimler car, apparently tuned up into the pinkest of condition. I even plumbed the petrol tank, and found it full to the top!

Deep regret filled me as I considered the pros and cons of a quiet little joy ride by myself, and finally reluctantly decided it wouldn't do. The very lack of sentries inside the premises indicated an exceptionally strong guard without. We had dropped into the center of the circle from above. I must learn something about that circle before attempting to break through. I appropriated a linen duster hanging over the rail in the tonneau, and put it on. No edibles apparently were kept in the garage for sudden emergencies such as mine. I decided to pay another visit to the vineyard. It was not quite dark.

Provoking recollections of prisoners' fare at Karlsruhe entered my mind. Two of our aviators were there now. They had written home descriptions of their food, and it had not appealed greatly to any of us. Grapes were enough for me while they lasted. I wondered how long they would last as I gathered a dozen bunches and sat down under cover to eat them. I should need water, too. Well, there was my lake; I found it. I should go down there directly for a drink and a cigarette. I could do for myself very well there in the holy sanctorum of the enemy camp. Things were really very comfortable there.

Suddenly I jerked up my head. A low whistle had sounded The old Verney call! Bunny, by Jove!

In another minute I am in his arms. He was sitting beside the tiny trenches we had been filling with grape skins when we parted this morning.

"Quiet now, old Chingachgook"—he spoke in German; "there are a dozen men down by the lake. They'll be by presently, and then we've got a little maneuvering to do."

"I've got a big Gotha three-seater down there, and it's all ready for a hop. My two mechanics flew it over here to take me home in. They had a bit of trouble getting the Mercedes engine out of that pond. It took me half an hour's diving to fix it so they would. And now they're going to let it go until morning. All but Zimmer will be along in a couple of minutes. I told him to stay to guard the machine."

"But what's your immense plan?" I asked.

"Please remember you're my prisoner, Arnold, and don't be impertinent."

The sound of voices reached our ears. We pressed close to each other silently and waited. As the group of men passed up the road Reinhardt rose to his feet and counted them.

"Now we are all right. Eleven of them have gone," said my captor, as he sat down again by my side.

"How did you know I would be here, Bunny? Tell me about this morning. How did you discover that you were among the—among your friends?"

"Friends! These Prussians? I never knew one I'd call my friend. But I saw one of them—our dear old schoolfellow Domaz—come out of the house and walk to the garage. I was just behind you when you left the vineyard, but I didn't dare call to you. Then I saw you jump the hedge and walk, like an ass, right into their arms. Before I could get over to stop you I saw you making for the garage. There was only one thing for me to do then. I walked in and told him who I was."

"Yes, I know. I heard all you said. I was in the hay overhead."

"Uncommon good idea of yours to get out of that hay when you did, Arnold. That squad is going to sleep there to-night."

"Bunny, have you seen Domaz since the day of our last boat race at Verney?"

"Yes, and had a whacking good duel with him too, at Heidelberg. But I'll tell you about that later. I didn't know he was attached to the Staff here. But come, let's go."

Reinhardt was up and off towards the lake before I could put another question about his plans. As we hurried along he cautioned me to keep silent. Reaching the edge of the orchard, he stopped and considered me a moment.

"Where did you get that duster?" he whispered.

"I borrowed it."

"Turn up the collar and put on your helmet and goggles! Now come along and climb into your seat without speaking a word. I'll do the talking."

We walked quickly along the border of the meadow, Reinhardt narrating the details of some imaginary air attack on Verdun as we approached within hearing distance of the Gotha three-seater. His mechanic saluted and regarded us stupidly. I turned my back to his lantern. Reinhardt spoke to him sharply:

"Zimmer, go up and sleep at the barn to-night. Be back at daylight."

The mechanic saluted and left us.

I climbed into my seat, trembling with an excitement I'd never expected to experience again. A greasy-handled mechanic's hammer lay on the spot where I sat. I swore at it nervously and shoved it back of the cushion. Bunny swung into the front

[1] See The Outlook for February 6 and February 13 for previous installments in this series.

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seat and began testing his controls. I leaned forward and spoke into his ear.

"Bunny, there's one thing for cert. I'll not let you take a chance of landing me down in French lines."

"Shut up," was his polite reply. "You've got a bet to pay me yet to-night. You're a good little guesser when it comes to—"

"*One moment!*" snarled a menacing voice in our rear. Both of us whirled around in our seats. Leaning forward from behind the lower wing of the Gotha, Lieutenant Domaz, the high and mighty enemy of our school days, stood outlined quite distinctly in the darkness. He gripped the edge of the cockpit with his left hand. With his right he covered first Bunny's head and then mine with a pistol.

"Lieutenant Adair, I believe," sneered Domaz, extending his weapon within a yard of my nose. "So sorry not to have met you earlier to-day." His evil face wore an exulting smile that infuriated me. "Don't move, either of you, until you're told, or I'll kill you both—with much pleasure."

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded Reinhardt, vainly endeavoring to control his voice. "Put down that pistol, Lieutenant Domaz! Obey me!"

"Who have you got with you, captain, in there?" inquired the gloating Prussian, switching his weapon over to Bunny's face. "You ask what this means? This means that you are my prisoners. Yes, you too, Captain von Bruck. You and your spy friend, Arnold Adair, of the French Flying Corps, whom you are assisting to escape. Do you care to lie about it, my captain?" taunted the loathsome wretch. "I would like you to deny it—come now!"

"How do you know it is Arnold?" inquired Reinhardt, feebly.

"Because I found his wrecked machine alongside yours in that pond, you damn fool!" shouted Domaz. "And his rotten name's painted across the length of it. I suppose you didn't know it was Adair! I suppose you don't know he has been in hiding here all day as a spy, and now is being taken back by you—damned traitor! Well, I knew it, and I knew you'd try to save him. So I have waited around all the evening to catch you in the act. Now what have you to say?"

"He saved my life in that pond to-day, Félix."

"Bunny!" I cried, in horror. "You're not going to beg mercy from this hound! We'll take our medicine."

"Yes, Lieutenant Adair has it, exactly. You will take your medicine. If I were not so certain of what that medicine is to be, I would pay you what I owe you myself. Now get out of that machine," he snarled. "This side! You first, von Bruck. Stand here where I can cover you both."

Bunny obeyed in tragic silence. He was too overwhelmed with the sudden revealing of his impending dishonor to think of resistance.

I stood up behind Reinhardt as he let himself down onto the lower step. Domaz cursed him as he watched him guardedly. As I threw my left leg over the edge of the cockpit I grabbed the slippery-handled hammer in my right hand. With one furious leap past Bunny's shoulder I launched myself across the wing of the airplane, head first, at the odious figure beyond.

He fired at me point blank, while I was in the air—and missed. I smashed my two-pound hammer full in his ugly face before I touched the ground, and we both fell in a heap under the edge of the Gotha's tail.

Lieutenant Félix Domaz didn't move as I flung myself upon his prostrate body. Bunny stooped down and picked up the pistol. I got to my feet and stood over our fallen enemy with the hammer.

We presented a memorable picture as we stood there motionless in the starlight. I know I shall never forget it.

Reinhardt spoke first.

"I am not a traitor, Arnold, as that beast said. You are no spy. You could have killed me, but instead of that you came down here to save me. And you pulled me out of certain death in there." Bunny nodded towards the water. "But what he said is true. I was aiding an enemy to escape. I know I am right in getting you out of this, but nobody else would believe it. He sneaked around here alone in the hope of catching me in the act. Well, he succeeded!" Bunny concluded, miserably.

Only too clearly did I follow Reinhardt's meaning. What we both construed as decent and sporting would avail us nothing against Domaz's story before a court martial. And this cursed officer's duster! I began to unbutton it frantically.

"What's the use?" said Reinhardt, sadly. "He's seen you in it. Technically you are a spy. You covered up your enemy uniform. Oh, it's all my fault!"

"Bunny," I said, savagely, "I'll never let you suffer for this. You are innocent of any real wrong. Get into your machine and go. This wretch is the only person who has seen me in this duster. He has captured me. Well, let him fight me when he wakes up. I promise you he will never testify against you."

Bunny pulled himself together before I had finished. Stooping over, he seized the prostrate Domaz by the feet.

"Quick, Arnold! We forgot about his shooting. Some sentry will be here on the run in a minute. Up with him. Put him in the seat with you. Is he dead?"

"Unfortunately not," I replied.

"Well, we couldn't leave him here to be found, anyway," said Reinhardt. "In with him."

None too tenderly we slid our unwelcome passenger over the edge onto the floor of the fuselage. I was beside him in a jiffy, and before I had my safety belt around me both motors had begun to hum.

Still gripping my miraculous hammer, I poised it conveniently over the Prussian's head, as the huge biplane swept forward like an express train, and with a powerful leap left the ground and soared away into the starry sky.

"There are no impassable barriers now," I thought, as I looked below and caught the last reflection of innumerable stars in the mirror-like surface of the lake that I most fervently hope I never shall see again.

At 11 P.M. on that eventful September day, my dear Captain Pieron [the letter went on], old Frederick, the waiter of forty years' dignified service at the Trois Couronnes, near my old school at Verney in Switzerland, was insisting that it was altogether too late to serve *thé complet* at this hotel. No such extraordinary midnight order had been given him since—since—

"Since the farewell party on the terrace to old Chingachgook, eh, Freddy?" said Bunny, patting the old fellow affectionately. "Well, Arnold is paying off a bet to-night, and we haven't much time. Run along now, my son, and mind you bring plenty of grape jam for Arnold—he's taking the grape cure again."

"Monsieur Arnold! Monsieur Reinhardt! *Mon Dieu!*" *Mon Dieu!*" The old man sank into a chair, regarding us out of staring and then streaming eyes. With trembling hands he fumbled in his capacious pocket and produced before us a gold watch and chain, a parting gift from Bunny and me. Opening the lid, he pointed to our inscribed names and the date.

"Five years last June! And to think the old man didn't know you!"

"Frederick, not a soul is to know you have seen us to-night. In fact, you must forget it yourself as soon as you have fetched us some hot coffee," said I, pressing our old friend's hand. "We will tell you all about it when you come back. Hurry! We are half frozen, both of us. Bring what food you can get quickly."

The terrace was deserted. Evil days had obliterated the well-remembered entertainments dispensed to its overflowing guests by the Trois Couronnes before the war. Only an occasional soft light now shone from the windows of the hotel above us, where formerly scenes of gayety lighted up the entire façade until long after the midnight hour.

Bunny and I sought our old bench in a secluded corner of the terrace. We had discarded our flying equipment to avoid attention. We stretched out our legs under the table, exhibiting side by side the rival colors of the two enemy air forces. Thus, quietly concealed under the shade of the dear familiar plane trees of the terrace, we silently watched the moonbeam path shining across the wide surface of Lake Geneva, until, gradually narrowing in the distance, it faded from view under the looming shadow of the Dents du Midi.

"Still worrying about Domaz, Bunny?" I inquired, as the dear boy heaved a tremendous sigh.

"I can't see any way out of this mess," returned Reinhardt,

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thoughtfully. Then, relaxing into his old merry smile, he continued: "As I was about to remark, Chingachgook, when I was interrupted, you are a good little guesser when it comes to picking out French encampments and such like. Hope you'll pardon my haste in coming over to collect the bet."

"Bunny, I've got a confession to make. When I believed we were wrecked inside my lines, I intended seeing that you were comfortably quartered with us for the balance of the war—simply to keep you out of further danger. You have been twice as generous to me. I didn't see it then, but I didn't dream then of our positions being reversed. Now I see what a fool I was to think of your being contented—a prisoner.

"And now," I went on, "the question with me is, should I accept your generosity and go back to fight for my side when I didn't consider doing that for you— "

"Here, Arnold, drop that!" interrupted Reinhardt, swinging round and facing me. "We're even, you and I, if you insist upon computing obligations. Our countries are even too. You've given me back to my country—twice. Perhaps I'm taking the law into my own hands, but I am not cur enough to accept such a favor from France without returning it if I can. You go back as soon as you can get back, and good luck to you! If Domaz— "

Bunny broke off and looked away. I watched him for a moment, then reminded him:

"What about Domaz?"

"Well, I don't know."

"But, Bunny, Domaz can't do anything now. How is he going to get back into German lines? He'll be interned here in Switzerland. He has on his German uniform. Nobody will believe his story of being carried here by airplane. Nobody saw us come in. Nobody will see you leave. In fact, Domaz himself won't know how he got here, for he was still unconscious when we locked him up in the gym."

"He ought to go to the hospital," said Bunny.

"Leave that to me. I'll see he gets there. And they will never let him get back to his command. Even if he did, Reinhardt, nobody would believe his preposterous story about you. You will be away. Months will have passed. He hasn't a bit of proof. No one else saw me there. My machine is there—yes. But a pilot may fall out and land ten miles away from where his airplane struck. Domaz is more apt to be court-martialed for this absence without leave."

I paused, with a grin of satisfaction. Bunny pressed my knee. "Here comes old Frederick with the tray," he said. "By Jove, I believe you are right!"

As we swallowed our *café au lait* and scrambled eggs we acquainted Frederick with our day's experiences. He listened incredulously at first, then exhibited utter disbelief, and this was pathetically mingled with symptoms of pain at our heartless chaffing.

We burst into shouts of laughter ourselves, as we saw the old fellow's stubborn refusal to believe our story of the night airplane flight. He smiled appreciatively at that and begged us not to try any tricks on the old man.

"You couldn't make me to believe you boys would fight against one another," he exclaimed, nodding sagely. "But how did you get here, now?"

Again we exhibited our Flying Service uniforms, our helmets, and even the insignia on our collars.

"You can't make me believe M. Arnold is only a lieutenant and M. Reinhardt is a captain." We roared again. He shook his head. "But will the dear lads come up to the chalet and see the old woman? She would have a mocha cake in the cupboard this minute, most likely."

Reinhardt jumped to his feet and took the old man by the coat lapels.

"No, Frederick, no one must know you have seen us tonight. Understand?"

The old man bowed gravely.

"And there are several things you must do for us. It is now almost midnight. My airplane is under the trees at the far end of the old football field. You will see it yourself, and then you will believe me. Now we must have two things—a suit of clothes for Arnold and thirty gallons of petrol for me—and we must have them within an hour."

"The clothes for M. Arnold—yes; but the petrol—one cannot buy petrol in Switzerland since the war. It is now impossible."

"Where can I steal it then, Frederick? I must have it!" said Reinhardt, throwing down some gold pieces. "I must be two hundred miles from here before daybreak. If any one should discover my machine there on the old school field, I will be interned. I must have petrol!"

"The old school field," repeated the old man, shrewdly. "Perhaps now M. le Professeur has not locked his garage tonight. I will go immediately and examine."

But Bunny and I were off the terrace, down the familiar old steps, and away into the quiet midnight streets of Verney before his speech was finished.

"Get me a suit of clothes and meet us there," I shouted back as the old man stood staring after us in open-mouthed wonder from the top of the steps.

"Can you make it, Bunny? It's only a hundred meters to the fence." I peered anxiously through the darkness ahead as I stood in front of the Gotha, two empty petrol cans in my hands.

"Easy. I can clear that low fence in half the run. But you've got to move along, old boy, as soon as I start my engines. Look out for old Wheeze, the night watchman. What time is it?"

"One-thirty."

"Good! I'll drop on my own field by four. Where do you go from here?"

"Geneva. I'll telephone to the hospital before I leave and have them send an ambulance to the gym here for Domaz."

"Well, good luck."

"Thanks. Ready?"

"Let go her head, Chingachgook, good old Indian. Thanks for the tea. But I say, Arnold!"

"Yes, old fellow."

"Mind you leave that first cartridge out next time. *Auf Wiedersehen.*"

I watched the airplane rise from the old football field and soar away into the night. I can't tell you, my dear Captain Pieron, what bitter pangs of sadness and melancholy choked me as I walked back alone through the dear familiar old school grounds. Every tree-trunk spoke eloquently of the happy days gone by when we were all playfellows there together. I sat down on the old bench by the tennis court and sobbed like a broken-hearted child.

Captain Pieron was nearing the end of the letter that explained the mysterious disappearance of Adair. He read with straining eyes:

A few hours later, as I was buying my ticket for Geneva in the railway station, I was arrested. I had telephoned the hospital to send for the wretched Domaz, and when their ambulance arrived they found him dead! They immediately watched the trains and caught me neatly enough. As I was compelled to explain about the death of Domaz in order to escape a worse suspicion, which the Swiss military authorities had about me, I told them who I was and showed them my credentials. They interned me for the duration of the war at Visp.

I foolishly tried twice to escape before I wrote you. Then they would not permit me to write again, and they kept me more or less closely confined. After six months' waiting I managed to get into Italy, but an unfortunate encounter with a sentry at the border nearly finished me. I was shot in the foot. The Italian doctors patched me up and put me on the boat for America—the French officers authorized me to take a month's leave.

Dear old Phil, you can imagine how eager I am for news of you! I am posting this letter at the Azores, where we touch. America, thank God, has entered the war, and soon there'll be thousands of our boys flying for France. I'll be back myself on the first boat.

Captain Pieron folded up the letter. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, devoutly, in his turn. "My friend that was dead lives again!"

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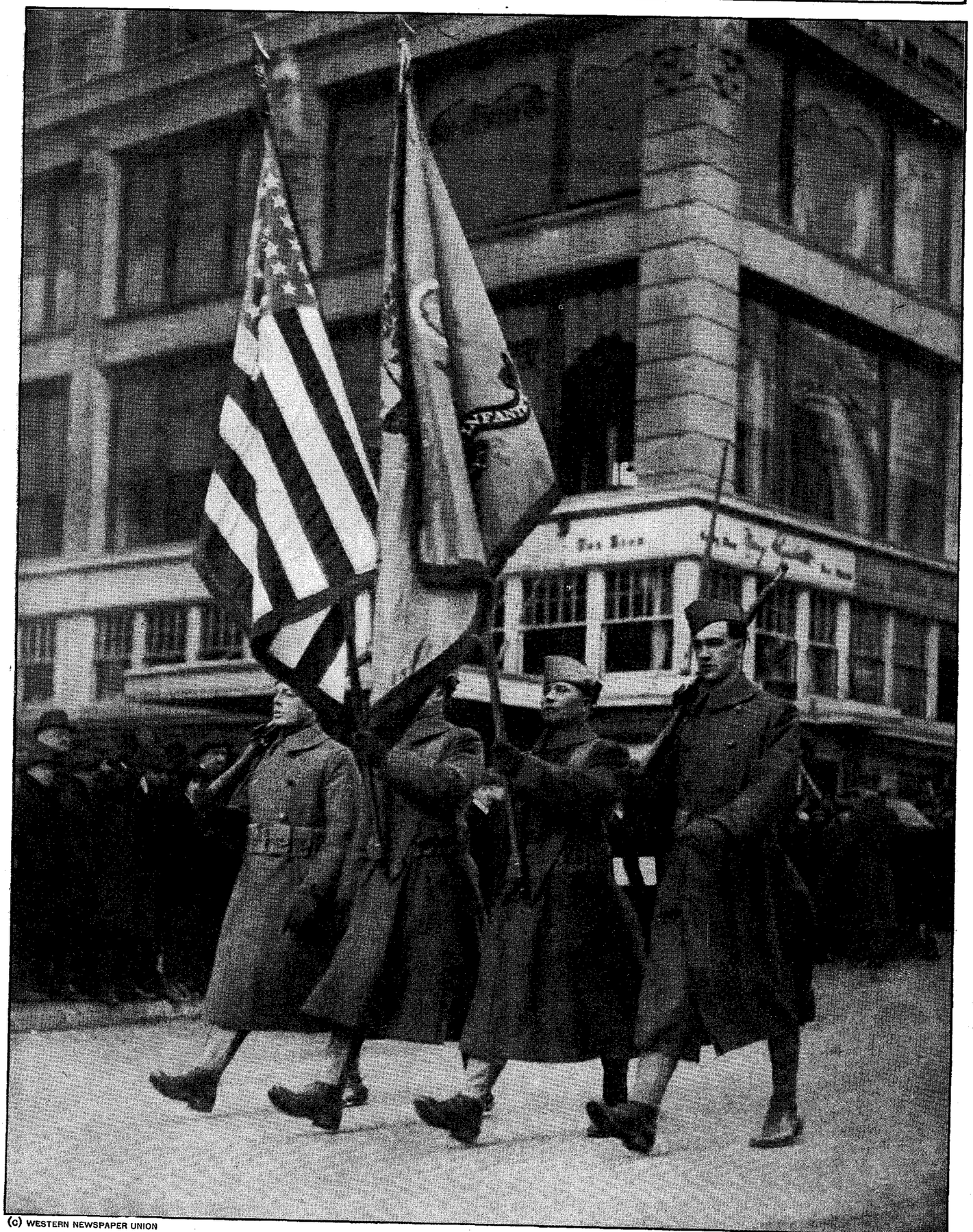
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



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COLOR-BEARERS OF THE 308th INFANTRY IN THE FIRST FORMAL PARADE OF DRAFT SOLDIERS IN NEW YORK CITY

Two thousand seven hundred men of the 308th Infantry marched down Fifth Avenue with firm step and soldierly bearing, on February 4, after five months of training at Camp Upton. The pride they felt in their appearance and discipline was reflected in the faces of the multitude of New Yorkers who applauded them as they passed. The feelings of the officers who had trained them were uttered in the words of General E. M. Johnson, division commander at Camp Upton: "I'm proud of these troops," he said, simply; "I'm proud of every one of them."

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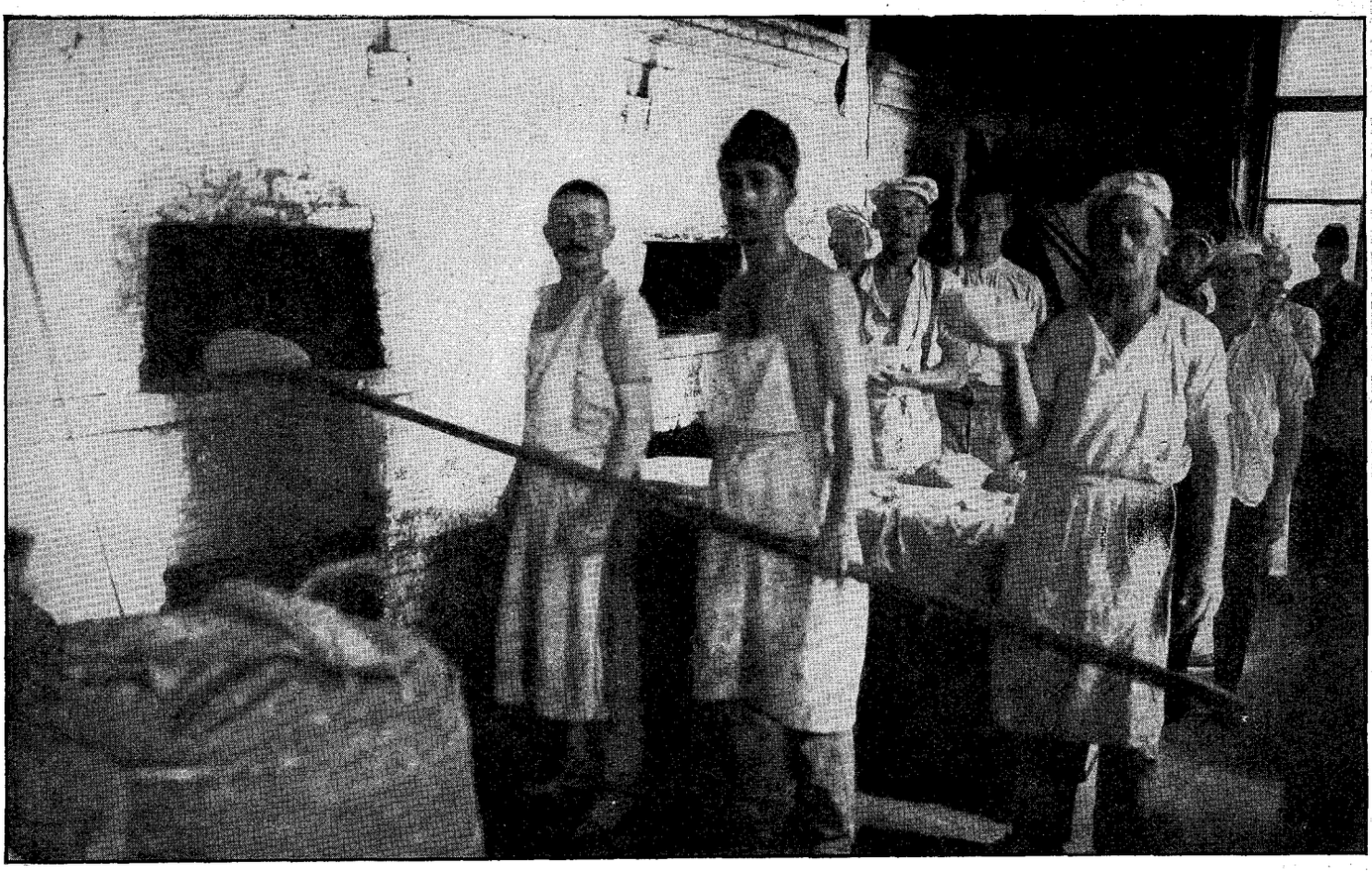
THE NEW YORK STATE POLICE—RESCUING A MAN OVERCOME BY COLD

The extremely severe weather this winter has imposed a new duty upon the efficient members of the new police organization known as the New York State Troopers—that of caring for persons who have been overcome by exposure. The manner of doing this is shown in the photograph. Other work for the Troopers consists in the recovery of stolen automobiles, the apprehension of reckless drivers, the giving of first-aid treatment in accidents, and other tasks incident to the preservation of life and property in the up-State districts



IN FARTHEST SIBERIA—PEACEFUL ACTIVITIES OF CAPTURED GERMANS AND AUSTRIANS IN A RUSSIAN PRISON CAMP

This photograph, brought to the United States via Vladivostok by a returning Y. M. C. A. worker, shows the prisoners engaged in baking bread in old-fashioned brick ovens. This camp is in eastern Siberia, in the Amur district, and the prisoners are thousands of miles from home. Their feelings about those responsible for their deportation to this remote part of the world may be imagined

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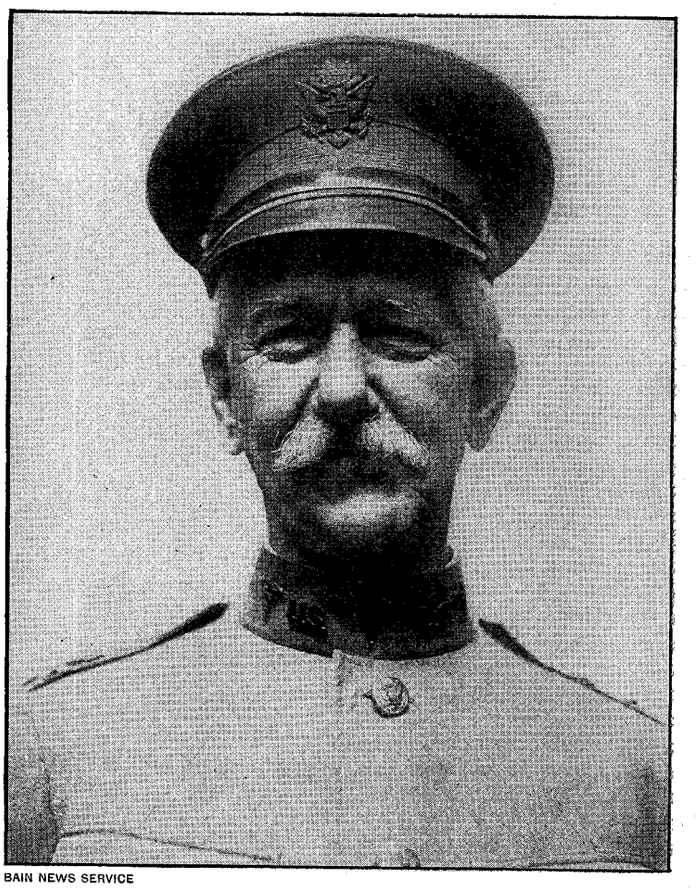
CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

BISHOP WILLIAM P. REMINGTON, A SOLDIER CHURCHMAN

Bishop Remington was formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, Minneapolis; he was consecrated Bishop Suffragan on January 10 last, in the uniform of the United States Army (worn under his cassock), and he is said to be the only Bishop of the Episcopal Church who has been so consecrated



BAIN NEWS SERVICE

WILLIAM C. GORGAS, SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

General Gorgas's recent testimony as to certain conditions in some of the soldiers' camps throughout the country will doubtless be productive of good. Under his direction the Medical Corps of the army is making a fine record

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UNITED STATES MARINES ENJOYING A SINGING LESSON

The "sea soldiers" of America are said to have good voices as a rule and to enjoy using them in chorus singing. At the camp where this photograph was taken, "somewhere in the United States," the men have a thirty-minute singing lesson every day. Both old favorites and present-day popular songs are taught to this great singing class

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SIDNEY COLVIN'S NEW LIFE OF KEATS

BY HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOTT

"HE [Keats] looked upon the medical career as the career by which to live in a workaday world, without being certain that he could keep up the strain of it. He nevertheless had a consciousness of his own powers. Poetry was the zenith of all his aspirations, the only thing worthy the attention of superior minds. The greatest men in the world were the poets, and to rank among them was the chief object of his ambition. It may readily be imagined that amongst mere medical students he would walk and talk as one of the gods might be supposed to do when mingling with mortals. This pride exposed him to occasional ridicule and some mortification.

"Newmarsh or Newmarch (I forget which was his name) was a classical scholar, as was Keats, and therefore they scanned freely the respective merits of the poets of Greece and Rome. Whenever Keats showed Newmarch any of his poetry, it was sure to be ridiculed and severely handled.

"Newmarch was a light-hearted and merry fellow, but I thought he was rather too fond of mortifying Keats, but more particularly his brothers, as their praise of their brother John amounted almost to idolatry, and Newmarch and they frequently quarreled."

So, in substance, runs the testimony of Henry Stephens, *medic* at the united hospitals of St. Thomas's and Guy's. It casts a deal of light on the causes of Keats's troubled career. A teasable, captivating fellow, his gallantry of bearing rallied friends about him, who loved even his rashness and his blunders. But he piqued others, who were as young as he, or at least were eager to retain all the irresponsibilities of youth. In school his fellows had sometimes badgered him to see his eyes flash and his fists double for a fight according to the pugilist's code. And no sooner had he published than anonymous critics found such an exuberance in his verse as to invite hazing, and behind their masks cherished the illusion that they were engaged in the fun of true sportsmanship. His champions and his tormentors seem different enough, yet it is astonishing how much unanimity there was among them. Even his foes, if they may be called such, admitted that he was "a person of no ordinary genius;" even his most faithful friends recognized among themselves that his faults were "enough, indeed, to sink another writer." On one other point they were all of the same mind: John Keats was very young.

Entranced with the freshness of every sensation, absorbed in every successive mood which possessed him, he stood on the threshold of life, with a daring as yet unschooled and undisciplined, and with the uncertainties and fears essential to a state of mind which was inevitably compact of imaginations and speculations instead of experience and knowledge. He was eager for experiment, passionately ready to be the younger brother of the elder poets—Spenser, Shakespeare, Chapman—to whom language was a full-blooded, vivid thing, and poetry a bold and masculine utterance.

Thirty years ago, Sir Sidney Colvin contributed a "Life of Keats" to the "English Men of Letters Series." It was a book of rare distinction, the lithe work of a man in his prime, and all the better tribute to its subject that it was written not only with sympathetic insight but with keen, unhampered discrimination and discretion. Its illuminating phrasing and the swift movement of its thought were worthy of the ardent ideals and temperament of the poet.

To-day the same author issues a new life and critical study of Keats,[1] at once more comprehensive and less choice. It examines somewhat exhaustively the sources in poetry, painting, and sculpture upon which Keats drew with so enthusiastic a discipleship. It puts new detail and fresh life into the portraits of those warm and honest friends with whose criticisms and encouragements he so indissolubly linked his art. And it revises the long-accepted chronology of his poems and reveals a clear and intelligible development, the result of persistent workmanship, and almost steadily progressive until his fatal illness came, and made him—the phrase is Keats's own—a mere fever of himself.

[1] John Keats: His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics, and After-Fame. By Sir Sidney Colvin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

What has resulted from Sir Sidney's later labors is of great value to the serious student of Keats. But these advantages are attended with some, perhaps inevitable, losses. The author now lingers a little with the air of one loth to leave his subject. At times he turns back to old material to recover a detail which the right instincts of his younger days had rejected as a clog to his narrative. At times the decisiveness and justness of his earlier judgments seem to startle him into not very significant phrases of qualification. And often, unconsciously sacrificing a little of the fine critical standards which will always be associated with his name, he now judges some inferior passages with an elder's indulgence rather than with that more exacting form of generosity which turns the light of a man's best achievements upon all his work and refuses to appraise it according to any lower criterion. Though the new biography richly supplements, these are some of the reasons why it cannot fully supersede, the old.

Sir Sidney seems to make more than in his younger days of Keats's groping after philosophies not fully his own. There were times of depression in the young poet's passionate and mercurial career when his instincts wavered, his workmanship weakened, and he lost his faith in the glorious self-sufficiency of youth. In the reflections of these despondent moods Sir Sidney sees some promise of future profundity. Perhaps he is right. But they certainly never appear when the poet's hand is sure and his purpose clear. Then Keats recognizes only two articles of faith. One: That there is nothing in nature, in natural emotion, or in the land of dreams which the true poet by the concentration of his vision, the intensification of his mood, and the full use of his heritage of speech cannot incorporate into his imaginative world of pure and breathless beauty. The other: That Art is too great a thing for any but the most generous rivalries; that its rewards are not self-glory or self-aggrandizement, but the supreme excellence of beauty wherever it may be found and whoever may discover it.

So, with these principles or instincts directing his pen, he writes, fearless of bathos:

> "Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
> Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
> To taste the luxury of sunny beams,
> Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
> With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
> Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand."

So, set on extreme concentration of effect, he revises and yet again revises until he reaches the final verses of the following series:

> "Not so much life as a young vulture's wing
> Would spread upon a field of green-eared corn."
>
> "Not so much life as what an eagle's wing
> Would spread upon a field of green-eared corn."
>
> "Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not at all the dandelion's fleece."
>
> "Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass."

So he forces words into new and enlarged meanings in the now famous lines:

> "O for a beaker full of the warm South,
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
> With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
> And purple-stained mouth;"

And so, instilling in the vanquished gods of his Hyperion something of his own sportsmanship, he registers their tribute to the vanquishers as those

> "eagles, golden-feathered, who do tower
> Above us in their beauty, and must reign
> In right thereof."

Keats never shared the proselyting illusions of Shelley that all men could live in the lyrical spirit and that these various living lyrics could be conducted as one harmonious concert by

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God or chance or Providence or what not. His was simply the illusion of the boy eager in his own chosen career. But in his enthusiasm there was rashness. He expected more of poetry than it could do in the hands of any master, and he was too ingenuous, too unconsciously autobiographical, if not confessional, to venture safely on all the luxury of mood and sensation possible to a master more detached and impersonal than he was.

Nor was he, in his all-consuming faith in the magic of poetic speech, sufficiently on his guard against something hectic in his blood, the inheritance of his passionate mother and the forerunner of the tuberculosis which destroyed him. He could write:

"This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless. . . . If I had teeth of pearl and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor."

And discretion comes too late with the words:

"But as I am, I must call it laziness."

He was too prone to forget that expression not only feeds on but feeds emotions—emotions that sometimes had better die from lack of nutrition.

It was natural that some of the decadents of a later generation should have admired him as one of their kind. But if there was something of these Art for Art's Sake men about him, it was notwithstanding the warmth of his fellowship with all phases of manliness. He never solved the difficult problem of portraying moral character in highly stylistic verse, but no man has more heartily felt its full right to expression. The doctrinaire and rigid theories of the decadents, their painfully conscientious distrust of anything like moral values in matters artistic, were very different from his conception of the liberty of the poet. Nor was their scrupulous fear of æsthetic errors quite like the loyalty of his endeavor as a craftsman after what Sir Sidney Colvin has called "a continual positive poetic richness and felicity of phrase."

To his appreciation of this endeavor Sir Sidney has brought not only an intimate understanding of Greek art and of the most artistic traditions of English written style, but a natural responsiveness to whatever is finely tempered and chivalric in human character. Here lies his peculiar charm. No other living critic reveals so clearly the interplay that sometimes exists between high-mindedness and the search after consummate artistry.

ENTERTAINING THE CAMPS

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN

THERE are some things that every would-be entertainer knows. Once, as I was beating a strategic retreat after delivering my share of an Intellectual Evening, two gentlemen met me at the exit and overwhelmed me with gratitude. "Thank Heaven for you!" they said with enthusiasm. "Your dress was a dream and you spoke one minute by the watch."

To be brief to the ear and pleasing to the eye helps with any audience, but with one composed of the defenders of our country it is almost a measure of self-preservation. A more conventional assembly merely sleeps when it is bored, but a camp audience is likely to proclaim its ennui by calls of "Aw, come off! Cut it out! Get the hook!" and kindred expressions of disapproval. The other member of my family refused to accompany me on my first visit to a Y. M. C. A. tent, having, I suspect, a secret fear of seeing me egged from the platform by an infuriated populace. The tent was crowded, and the secretary in charge hastily warned me, "Don't be disturbed if they say 'Ah-h-h-h' when you get up—they mean it pleasantly." One who had faced with composure the barrage fire of the freshman class at more than one Yale Prom concert was not to be so easily daunted, I thought with some scorn; but the intensely personal quality of the audience gave me one of the surprises of my life. For the first time I forgot my lines—completely and entirely forgot them; I could not find even one word to begin with. I desperately blurted out, "Boys, I've forgotten what I was going to say, and that's funny, because I wrote it myself—but, you see, I'm not used to an audience like this and I feel bashful." This painfully accurate statement was received with a roar of encouraging laughter, as an attempt at humor, and then a cheery voice observed, "Come on now, sister, go to it." Thereupon necessity galvanized my memory to life, the words returned, and sister went to it, feeling that she never could be frightened again. I must confess that while my original offering was kindly received, my real success that evening was made with the short sweet lyric, "Tobacco is a noxious weed—I like it!"

They are very strong on the proprieties. One young lady this winter, when she stood revealed in a costume which carried conservation to its extreme limits, heard this rebuke: "Hurry up and close the windows, fellers."

One evening I was at a camp with a returned missionary of international celebrity, but little did the boys know or care for that. He stood on his own merits, and they supported him amply. After that evening I understood his success in the foreign field. One of the lads volunteered to whistle. Our accompanist was absolutely unable to deliver "Listen to the Mocking-Bird," and Dr. X offered to accompany the whistler. The young performer introduced himself as follows: "Well, fellers, these kind friends have come here to give us a good time, and it doesn't seem fair to let them do all the work, so I'm going to do our share of it by whistling for you a little and"—here he turned and gazed dispiritedly on Dr. X—"and this old gentleman thinks he can manage to play for me." Dr. X not only "managed" that feat, but was the only one of the party who could play "Turkey-in-the-Straw" fast enough to suit the prize clogger of the camp, who was induced to give us an exhibition of his art.

There are two things that one must not—indeed cannot—do with a camp audience: it can be neither patronized nor ignored. You must be one of them from the moment you face them, ready to give back joke for joke and to take good-naturedly any comment that comes, knowing it is never meant uncivilly. If you can greet them with, "Hello, boys!" right from your heart, then you are all right—you will have them with you for the rest of the time; but beware of a "Hello, boys!" from the lips out. They know the difference, and have as little use for such spurious comradeship as a child has.

An audience that looks utterly discouraging may give you a richer return of appreciation than many a crowd of more promising aspect. One night I visited one of the camps that was still under construction, prepared for an audience of soldiers, to find on my arrival that I was more needed at the workmen's tent, where they were short of entertainers. It meant a rapid readjustment of programme, and, in addition to that, I was somewhat unnerved by a youth standing just behind me who continually soliloquized down my back, "Gee, but it's a tough bunch here to-night!" It was. There were a few soldiers, and the rest, a crowd that jammed the tent and extended out under the looped-back flaps, were the most disreputable collection I had ever seen. I did the best I could, hopelessly wishing I could give them something worth while, and ended with a little story of Irish heroism in the great war, which the soldiers always liked, but which I considered rather pearls before swine in the present assembly, God forgive me! When I had finished, one of the soldiers whispered, consolingly, "It just spoils it, having all those muckers here—what can you do with them?" What can you? I thought—then I felt a touch. I turned to see one of the "tough bunch"—a man about fifty, shabby, dirty, unshaven—who gripped my hand (I felt it for nearly an hour afterward; for that matter, I can feel it now) and said, "I wanted to say, Thank ye and God bless ye, just. I've two brothers dead in the British army, an' I'm proud of it. I'm Irish meself."

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of February 13, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Shall Germany Have a Mittel-Afrika?

Reference: Page 234.

Questions:

1. The Outlook and Dr. Rainsford are confident that Germany has designs for world dominion. Are there sufficient facts to lead one to believe that Germany has such a plan in mind? 2. How do you explain the fact that Germany will deliberately do the very things that even Boers refrain from doing and pledge themselves not to do? 3. Give a brief account of European colonization in Africa. Name the different countries which had colonies in Africa in June, 1914. Compare the methods and aims of the colonizing countries in Africa. What had this chapter of the world's history to do with driving Europe into this war? 4. Give an account of the conquest of the German colonies in Africa during this war. 5. Do you think Germany's African colonies ought to be given back to her at the close of this war? Reasons. Would an ample outlet for Germany in Africa lead Germany to cause the world no more fear or trouble? 6. It is evident that Germany has become an international outlaw. When and how will she again become trusted and respected by civilized nations? 7. Have you yet read "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked" and "The United States and Pan-Germania," by André Chéradame, published by Scribners? If not, do so as soon as possible. Read also what is probably the best book on African colonization, "The New Map of Africa," by H. A. Gibbons, and his very valuable book entitled "The New Map of Europe," both published by the Century Company.

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: The Unrest in Germany; Restless Germany.

Reference: Page 234; editorial, pages 238, 239.

Questions:

1. How does the editor of "Vorwärts" explain the unrest in Germany? What does he think of the German Government's method of dealing with industrial disturbances? 2. Discuss the following sentences from the editorial for this topic: (1) "But the Germans do not care for liberty." (2) "Obedience to constituted authority is the German's patriotism and the German's religion." (3) "The peace programme of the German Democrats and the Russian Bolsheviki cannot be and ought not to be accepted." 3. How many reasons can you give showing, as The Outlook points out, why the German people believe and do anything their Government tells them? Would America be better off if all Americans did likewise? Discuss. 4. Would you conclude from reading this editorial that there are things more essential to the welfare of a nation than the enjoyment of material prosperity at the hands of the government? Do you believe there are? Reasons. 5. For what reasons does The Outlook believe that "there is no reason to hope for a revolution in Germany like that which has transformed Russia"? 6. How, nevertheless, can The Outlook feel warranted in saying, "But we *know* [italics mine] that when the curtain rises we shall see a different Germany from that of 1914 on which the curtain fell"? 7. What services do you think an overwhelming defeat of Germany would render to Germany? To those opposing Germany? To the world at large?

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Administration Criticised by Its Friends; The Powers of the President; Passing the Buck in Washington.

Reference: Page 233; editorial, page 240; 241–243.

Questions:

1. Discuss the meaning of the term "criticism." What is its popular meaning? 2. What reasons have Senator Chamberlain and Senator Hitchcock given for advocating a Director of Munitions and a War Cabinet? Tell why you do or do not think these reasons sound. 3. What right has Congress to investigate the executive branches of the Government? Is it the duty of Congress to do this? 4. Why is it that Congressional investigations occur only *after* there is good reason to believe that there is something wrong somewhere? Ought the executive departments to be under constant investigation? Discuss question 4 at length. 5. Tell what The Outlook says about the President on page 240. Do you like or dislike this criticism? Tell why. 6. What does Dr. Odell mean by "passing the buck in Washington"? Illustrate. 7. State and discuss his opinion of "official Washington." What does he think is most needed in Washington? 8. Is the Congressional investigation of the War Department doing any good? Tell why.

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Germany has shown itself unfit to govern even its own people. 2. Destructive criticism is never justifiable.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for February 13, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Coterie, vituperation, mitigate, constituted authority (238); hypercritical, parlance (241), mooted questions, salutary effect, *opéra bouffe*, scapegoat, inimical, ban, paramount (242), emoluments, plenary (243).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Discreet Adventure (The). By Helen C. Roberts. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London.

A mildly agreeable novel about a well-bred English girl intensely ignorant of the world at large who is forced to become a governess. She is looking in a modest way for an ideal man; he never appears, but she suddenly finds that she cares for one of the just ordinary men.

Mystery of the Downs (The). By John R. Watson and Arthur J. Rees. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.40.

Many readers will remember a detective story called "The Hampstead Mystery." In this column, and by many other reviewers, this tale was highly praised as one of the best recent examples of dealing with an exciting mystery in a consistent and reasonable fashion. The same thing may be said of this new detective story. The authors play fair with the reader—that is, they work out the complicated evidence in this murder case point by point, without confusion or attempt to mislead. There is a particularly interesting section dealing with cryptograms. It brings out with great skill the limitations and possibilities of code and secret writing.

White Morning (The). By Gertrude Atherton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.

The key to this war fantasy is found in a sentence quoted on the "jacket" of the book: "German women will show their men the way to freedom." One certainly hopes so, but it takes a strong imagination to believe that it will be through physical force rather than through mind and heart. The offhand way in which in the latter part of the romance Mrs. Atherton carries her insurgent women through a revolution in which, by airplanes, bomb explosions, and armed forces of women in the street, German cities are captured, armies reduced to impotence, and the Kaiser himself driven home like a whipped hound to his Berlin palace—all seems fantastic enough. The earlier part of the book is extremely interesting, for Mrs. Atherton's knowledge of Munich and of the social conditions of Germany generally is thorough.

Second Diary of the Great War (A). By Samuel Pepys, Jr. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

Like its predecessor, this volume is rich in quiet humor and chronicles war events as the original Samuel Pepys might have done. Much art has been employed to make the style and diction of the modern Pepys accord with those of his reputed ancestor. The result is a triumph, and all the more so because the reader rarely thinks of the ingenuity and care involved. Sam Pepys, Jr., is a rounded character.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Marches of the Dragoons in the Mississippi Valley. By Louis Pelzer. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City. $2.50.

This book describes the work of the First Regiment of United States Dragoons (which existed from 1833 to 1861) in frontier defense, expeditions, etc. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is a hitherto unpublished account by Captain Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, of an expedition "over the Western Prairies" in 1843. In the words of his chief, General Zachary

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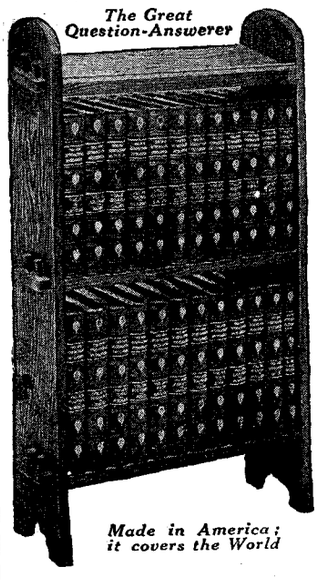

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DO GERMS and CLIMATE CAUSE CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS?

R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

By R. L. Alsaker, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS"

Dear Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. During the fall and winter months my wife suffers with bad colds and the children frequently have a bad cough or sore throat.

We have taken treatment from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of these annoying troubles of the nose, throat and lungs, I don't see how any of them can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject? J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue, the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Catarrh sometimes causes earache, headache and other forms of pain, and it lays the foundation for many diseases.

This gentleman says that he lives well, but no one lives well who is ill. That is poor living. He can continue to eat what he likes, and grow healthy, if he will only learn how.

He thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are coughs and colds—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should *not*, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acid, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

The right kind of food, properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, coughs and colds to flight, and paints roses on the cheeks.

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. *If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it.* You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of catarrh into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache, and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who get it can keep it indefinitely. They should not complain, for there is knowledge at hand that will show them how to get rid of it and *stay rid of it.*

It is marvelous what the common foods do for the sick, when properly combined and intelligently eaten. Meat, fish, dairy products, eggs, cereal foods, potatoes, vegetables, fruits and nuts contain all the "medicinal" elements needed to build health or cure disease, if rightly used.

Health, barring accidents, is within your control. It is your privilege to break the laws of Nature and be sick, or you may observe them and be well. Your duty to yourself and your country is clear, for the Nation needs healthy men and women in this crisis. Health, which is principally the effect of foods rightly used, will win.

In my new book *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds* I have explained the true cause of these annoying troubles and have outlined a pleasant plan of living that cures these ills and prevents a return.

It costs nothing to put this successful plan for getting rid of catarrh, coughs and colds into practice. You don't have to buy medicines or special foods. You don't have to pay doctor bills or go to health resorts. Simply follow these common-sense instructions regarding the care of the body and the correct use of the *foods you like* and you will get well and remain well. Don't take my word for the splendid results obtained; prove it in your own case and in your own home.

In appreciation of Dr. Alsaker's works, the NEW YORK TRIBUNE says: "Written by a competent professional authority, they are fitted for the instruction and profit of the laity; being simple, direct and non-technical. They contain no scientific disquisitions on calories; they exploit no fads; they recommend no impossibilities. If the public would read them and be guided by them, there would be less illness and the 'high cost of living' would come down with a run."

If you want to get rid of catarrh and avoid catching cold, send one dollar for Dr. Alsaker's new book, CURING CATARRH, COUGHS AND COLDS, with ten cents additional (coin or stamps) to pay for postage and packing. Follow instructions for one month, then if you are not entirely satisfied with the improvement in your health, return the book and your money will be refunded. Health is the result of correct knowledge of living put into practice. The correct knowledge is in this book and any intelligent person can easily put it into practice. Don't delay; catarrh is a serious ailment. Send for the book now, apply the knowledge at once and get rid of your catarrh and save further doctor bills. FRANK E. MORRISON (Established 1889), Publisher of Educational Health Books, Dept. 129, 1133 Broadway, N. Y.

The New Books (Continued)

Taylor, this report contains "much valuable and curious information."

National Progress 1907-1917. By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph.D. (The American Nation: A History. Vol. XXVII.) Harper & Brothers, New York, $2.

An alternative title might have been "National Events," for this book furnishes an inclusive account not only of American political progress but also of important developments not strictly coming under that head during the decade treated. It is discriminating, keen, impartial, incisive. A sentence comparing Presidential candidates at the last election is characteristic: "Wilson was keener, cleverer, more imaginative, of nimbler wit, and probably a better manager of men; Hughes was of tougher intellectual fiber and more inclined to move straight to his objective. Both had a passion for issues and principles rather than personalities."

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Way of Success (The). If a Man Fails Seven Times, and Other Stories. By William H. Hamby. Laird & Lee, Inc., Chicago. $1.

Homely homilies about practical problems, thinly disguised as fiction. Will give inspiration to large numbers of people who do not care for too much subtlety in their intellectual excursions of this kind.

WAR BOOKS

Bolsheviki and World Peace (The). By Leon Trotzky. Introduction by Lincoln Steffens. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Steffens, in his Introduction to this book, notes that the ideas and views here put forward by Mr. Trotsky, although written some time ago, throw light on his present policy and theories about the Russian Revolution and on the application of Socialistic doctrines to actual conditions the world over. These views were lately summarized in The Outlook. Trotsky has apparently no confidence in anything whatever but government by class—that is, by the proletariat class to the exclusion of all other classes.

Labour-Saving House (The). By Mrs. C. S. Peel. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

This book describes the problem of living in England since domestic workers have largely gone into war service; it tells about labor-saving devices that may take the place of servants, and gives sidelights on social problems with which American housekeepers are also familiar. A really suggestive little book that will not fail to stir the woman reader.

EDUCATIONAL

Practical Child Training. Book I—Obedience; Book II—Self-Control; Book III—Body and Mind; Book IV—Morality. By Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. Parents' Association, Inc., 449 Fourth Avenue, New York. $12.

Taking up this set of books with no predisposition in favor of such works and possibly with a slight prejudice against them, the reviewer was soon won over to a decided interest in and approval of the author's methods. The lesson, "To teach an infant to obey the command 'Don't touch,'" with its charming photographic illustrations, is a model of terse and appealing suggestion that is characteristic of the work. The style is simple and clear; the work nevertheless calls for close and thoughtful study; but it is safe to say that any intelligent parent or teacher who will give this study will derive from these books invaluable help in dealing with "difficult" children—and is not that, in these days, an inclusive term?

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DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present in this department each month an article treating some phase of the country's commercial development. These articles will be educational in character and will set forth in a comprehensive way the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. This department is designed to be of service to readers of The Outlook, and inquiries in regard to industrial subjects will be answered by letter or in these pages. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to the Industrial Editor of The Outlook, 381 4th Ave., N.Y.

SIMPLIFIED MOTORING

So much has been said and written of the automobile of to-day, and it has become so intimately connected with the life and progress of the Nation, that the average man or woman is surprisingly familiar with its general construction and mode of operation. The man next door owns and drives his motor car, and his wife and son are equally skilled drivers. They can talk intelligently of gear shifts, transmissions, differentials, and the relative advantages of four, six, or eight cylinders. Any general discussion of the ordinary details of motor-car construction would therefore be covering familiar ground and is to be avoided. The motorist is, however, much interested in any new developments which may tend to simplify the operation or care of his car, or which will lessen the chances of engine trouble or other more or less serious breakdowns which serve to take the pleasure out of motoring. In buying a car, the intelligent purchaser will therefore demand as much in the way of standard parts and special equipment as he can secure for the price he is willing to pay. Attention to such details is much more important than the name of the car, the color it is painted, or mere beauty of design. It must be said, however, that the make of car may mean a great deal, as the leading manufacturers employ recognized standard parts and equipment in every car that they turn out.

Mr. W. L. Kissel, a well-known automobile manufacturer, says: "The man who has owned an automobile considers the purchase of a second car from a different standpoint than when he purchased his first one. His experience has taught him to carefully inspect, examine, and compare the vital parts of the car, such as the springs, brakes, axles, chassis, frame, transmission, motor, and construction of the body. In other words, he has found that, while finish and appearance are necessary, he should make sure that its beauty is more than skin deep."

THE VALUE OF STANDARDIZED PARTS

There are, of course, certain essential parts of an automobile which must be able to stand the most rigid tests, for on them the life of the car and the safety of its passengers depend. Such parts might include the springs, axles, bearings, brakes, and steering apparatus. In the early days of the automobile, the merit of these essential parts was taken for granted and the purchaser pinned his faith entirely on the reputation and standing of the individual manufacturer whose car he was considering. If the car were an assembled one, no particular inquiry was made concerning the reliability of the manufacturers who supplied the various parts which made up the completed machine. In fact, the names of these parts manufacturers would have meant nothing even if the inquiry had been made. But this condition gradually changed, principally because of the initiative and foresight of the parts manufacturers themselves.

They began to advertise in various ways, in order to educate the automobile-buying public to the great importance of demanding and securing parts which would stand any ordinary test or strain and could be recognized as being dependable. This was a highly important work and led to very rapid improvements in the automobile industry. No longer was the intelligent automobile buyer willing to take anything on faith. He could specify a certain established axle, or brake lining, or roller-bearing, and insist upon getting it. And the motor-car manufacturer himself was quick to see the advantage of this standardization and how it would help him to sell his cars.

Moreover, there has developed the closest co-operation between the parts manufacturers and car manufacturers, which has led to very distinct advantages. The parts manufacturer will co-ordinate his work with that of each car manufacturer whom he is supplying, so that it is possible to adapt the part to any particular make of car or model, and thus secure the greatest efficiency in the performance of the car and the highest degree of permanent service.

And so the motorist who demands standard parts in his car can take the road with the utmost confidence in its performance and in his freedom from the many troubles which so frequently befall the owner of a second-rate machine.

IMPARTING LIFE TO THE CAR

There is another group of essential parts which are instrumental in furnishing the motive power to the car, and may thus be said to give it life and action. Such parts have also been standardized to a large extent, and the motorist should use as much care in securing those that are standard as in the former group. Spark plugs, magnetos, ignition systems, piston rings, and electric lighting and starting systems have all been widely advertised and the names of the recognized manufacturers of such parts are well known to the motoring public. These manufacturers have in turn co-ordinated their work with that of the car manufacturers, so that each make and model of car may have the equipment best suited to its individual characteristics. As all of such parts are essential to proper motive power, they should be considered as component parts of the engine, and each should be selected with great care and with due regard to its interrelation with all other parts.

SIMPLIFYING OPERATION

One of the most important of recent developments was the introduction of electric cranking and electric lighting. This brought about a very radical change in the automobile industry. We all remember the laborious cranking which was necessary to start the motor and how often the embarrassed amateur motorist was compelled to alight and repeat the operation after stalling his car in the midst of crowded traffic. Then, too, many a broken arm or sprained wrist resulted from a sudden kick of the engine, and it was only a very brave woman who would venture forth in her car without a male beside her to "turn the crank" when the necessity arose. Now a simple pressure of the foot will accomplish the desired result, and my lady may drive her car as far as she likes with no fear of being stranded beyond the reach of help.

There are a number of reliable electric starting systems, and practically every make of car is regularly equipped with the system best suited to its requirements.

The same magneto or battery which starts the motor also furnishes a lighting system for side, rear, and head lights. One simply needs to push a button on the dashboard and the desired lights flash on or off. This is again a pleasant contrast to the old kerosene side lights and acetylene head lights, which often ran out of fuel unexpectedly and were most troublesome to light on a windy or rainy night. The electric headlights give a clearer, smoother, and better diffused light. Another very important advantage is that they can be readily dimmed or entirely turned out when passing other cars on the road, thus avoiding the possibility of a serious accident.

A more recent development towards simplicity of operation, and one that may be said to be still in the experimental stage, is the electric or pneumatic gear shift. Many systems have been tried out, and, indeed, form part of the equipment of some cars. Such a device, of course, does away with the task of manipulating a gear shift lever, and substitutes the pressure of a button or the moving of a small indicator arm upon the steering post. This operation requires no more exertion than the operation of the spark or throttle levers. Such a system has not, however, been generally adopted as yet, as perfection of operation is still to be attained.

OTHER DEVICES FOR SIMPLIFIED MOTORING

Carbon is one of the most fertile sources of trouble to the motorist. Every motorist knows how carbon in the engine means loss of power and less responsiveness. Many devices have been developed for the ready removal of carbon, for cleaning cylinders, and for the permanent elimination of carbon. Some of these are simply cleaning compounds which quickly remove the carbon, while others serve to decrease fuel consumption and bring about more perfect combustion.

A motor meter is a very convenient little device for indicating the exact temperature at which the motor is operating. One glance at this readily visible instrument shows the driver just how hot or how cold his motor is while operating. This often prevents careless overheating of the motor with the resulting burned-out bearing or cylinder.

Practically all cars are equipped with primers which serve to heat the fuel, and at the same time heat the air with which it is mixed in the carbureter. A good primer will start a cold engine in zero weather in from five to seven seconds.

There are, of course, numerous other appliances of all descriptions for the convenience and comfort of the motorist, most of which do not come within the scope of this article.

COLD-WEATHER OPERATION

The automobile is no longer merely a warm-weather vehicle, but is now in constant use throughout the entire year. Anti-freezing solutions are used to assure free water circulation; most of these contain alcohol. A new device prevents the evaporation of the alcohol by condensing it and returning it to the radiator, where it again mixes with the water. This device is screwed on to the top of the radiator instead of the regular cap.

Many styles of warmers are also being

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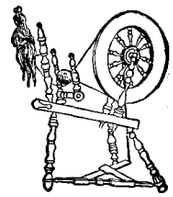
Ladies' Neckwear *at* McCutcheon's



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Lace Scarfs in Spanish Alencon and Shadow effects, also Beaded and Spangled—$7.50 to 39.50.

Orders by mail given special attention.

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Streets, N. Y.

The Outlook SCHOOL BUREAU

announces that it is prepared to give information concerning all types of schools, viz., preparatory schools, colleges and academies, schools for music, art and the drama, vocational schools, correspondence schools, special schools, etc.—and this information is furnished gratis to our readers.

We cannot over-emphasize the importance of selecting the *right* school for your boy or girl, and a great deal of time and careful thought should be given to a perusal of school catalogues and other data relative to the schools you are especially interested in before making a definite decision.

Wherever possible a representative of The Outlook, who is in charge of this work, has made a survey of the schools, and will thus give you the benefit of these personal visits.

If you will let us know the type of school you are interested in, the age and sex of your child, and any other data which you think will aid us in making our suggestions, we will gladly see that complete information and literature are sent you.

SCHOOL BUREAU
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

Simplified Motoring (Continued)

developed for cold-weather driving. Different types of hand-warmers, electrically controlled and attached to the steering-wheel, are appearing The tonneau is warmed by the hot gases from the exhaust carried through a heater before passing through the muffler. Such a heater can be regulated to suit weather conditions. The car-owner is relieved of the worry and danger of driving with a snow or rain covered windshield by the use of a windshield cleaner. By merely pulling a string he can be assured a clear vision through the windshield without stopping the car.

A popular system of engine temperature control is that employing a thermal coil or thermostat controlling the flow of water through the radiator. When the water is cold, the passage leading to the radiator is closed and the water is forced through the engine jackets. When the water becomes heated, the thermostat automatically opens and the radiator becomes part of the circulating system. In the meantime the engine has rapidly attained its normal efficiency through the rapid heating of the portion of the water which has passed through it.

The man who drives his car in the winter time will require a warm garage. Complete heating plants for garages have accordingly been devised. One of the best systems burns coal as fuel and distributes hot water through pipes, automatically regulated, to all parts of the garage. The plant burns only about five cents' worth of coal a day, and requires attention only once, or in very cold weather twice, a day. It is absolutely safe from fire and has, indeed, been approved by fire underwriters.

THE MOTOR CAR OF THE FUTURE

When we look back upon the motor car of ten years ago, we marvel at the tremendous strides that have been made in securing comfort and simplicity of operation. Accessory manufacturers have been most ingenious in devising mechanical or automatic contrivances to replace practically every operation formerly accomplished by physical effort. One need only push a button, turn a lever, or pull a string in order to secure smooth and efficient operation of his car.

A writer in the "Scientific American" has recently made an interesting prophecy of the motor car of the future. Here are a few of the points that he discusses.

The automobile of the future will be weather-tight. It will have glass sides, front, rear, and roof. The glass sides will come down for warm weather and curtains will keep out the glare.

A new fuel will be used, developing direct electrical energy.

It will have electrical brakes using stored engine energy, and an electrical steering control.

Driving will be done from a small control board which can be held in the lap. The driver may sit in any seat he chooses, front or back, as the control board will be readily movable.

The car will be low, so one can easily step into it.

A six-inch clearance will be ample, as all roads will be smooth, level, and hard.

The car of the future will carry neither extra tires nor extra wheels. There will be either a non-puncturable tire or an entirely new substitute for rubber.

The above prophecy may or may not come true.

But if automobile and accessory manufacturers make as rapid strides in the next ten years as they have in the past decade, the perfect motor car will have been almost attained.

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NOW

BY GEORGE W. CABLE, OF THE VIGILANTES

The thought that I cannot put away is that whatever I might save now and fail to save *now* may be a hundred times the worst waste I shall ever have committed, though I have, like most Americans, many a past wasteful habit to regret.

It will be far the worst because not to save now is to throw away the co-operation of millions of others; because not to save now will tend to prolong the war; because not to save now will multiply the war's privations, lengthen its death-roll and the vast procession of its maimed men, and will make saving more difficult and less effective by and by when we shall be *compelled* to save through cruel conditions from which saving now might have saved us.

THE HERO SHREW

In the vast Ituri Forest in the Belgian Congo, where the sun rarely pierces through the dense foliage and rain-pools stand for months in the foot-tracks of the elephants, a new sort of forest creature has been found. This is the "hero shrew"—a variant of the common shrew [or shrewmouse], which is very widely distributed over the earth, being found in the Arctic Circle, Asia, Europe, Australia, England, and the Americas. The hero shrew, however, is known from only two localities, both in the Belgian Congo. These are the villages of Medje and Bafwabaka, both situated near the borders of the tropical rain forest, and only about thirty miles distant from each other. Easily recognized among other varieties of shrew by its more clumsy appearance and its longer, denser pelage, the most striking characteristic of the hero shrew is the remarkable strength of its vertebral column. Some interesting proof of the strength of its back is given by Mr. Herbert Lang, leader of the Lang-Chapin Expedition which was maintained in Africa for six years by the American Museum of Natural History. He says that the natives of the locality, especially the Mangbetu, delight in performing on captive specimens. "After the usual hubbub of various invocations, a full-grown man weighing some 160 pounds steps barefooted upon the shrew. Steadily trying to balance himself on one leg, he continues to vociferate several minutes. The poor shrew seems certainly to be doomed. But as soon as his tormentor jumps off, the shrew, after a few shivering movements, tries to escape, none the worse for this mad experience, and apparently in no need of the wild applause and exhortations of the throng." During this demonstration the head is always left free. The heart and other viscera are protected from crushing by the very strong vertebral column, made up of heavy, closely interlocking spines, and curiously convex behind the shoulder, forming there an arch highly resistant to pressure.

The Mangbetu believe that the charred body or heart of the hero shrew, when prepared by their medicine-man, lends the quality of invincibility when worn as a talisman or taken as medicine. Those about to engage in warfare or setting out on a dangerous enterprise such as elephant hunting are always eager to carry along some part of a hero shrew as a charm against danger. Their faith in its protective power is doubtless a strong stimulant to courage and quick-wittedness, probably often causing extraordinarily heroic conduct. Without doubt this is the explanation of the name "hero shrew," bestowed by the Mangbetu on this little animal, which scientists call *Scutisorex congicus*.

While the shrew family includes the smallest of all mammals—some being scarcely two inches in length—a fully adult hero shrew measures 8.6 inches to 9.6 inches from nose to tip of tail, the latter accounting for about two-fifths of the total length.

THE PRUSSIAN VIEW-POINT

When the war first started, I had an acquaintance, a Prussian woman, who was caught in this country by the sudden outbreak of hostilities. One day I repeated to her what I considered a humorous conversation that I had heard between two colored men. The men were speaking of a mutual friend.

Said one of the men, "Gus is the funniest nigger I ever saw. He just lies all the time."

"Dat's right," agreed the second.

"Now I looks at it dis way," continued the first. "If a lie is goin' to do you any good, why, lie; but if it ain't goin' to do you no good, and you can jest as well tell the truth, why, tell the truth."

Instead of being amused by the conversation repeated, my Prussian friend said, "Now isn't that sensible?"

(Mrs.) E. F. BURCHARD.

Washington, D. C.

THE FLAG'S MINUTE

BY LOWELL C. FROST, OF THE VIGILANTES

The bugle startled me—

I had called it a day, rolled down my desk, and started for my car, when I suddenly remembered that I needed to buy some collars. The nearest source of supply was at the Central Department Store, just across the street, and a little quick-stepping brought me there about three minutes this side of closing time. I had just selected the particular style of collars which my wife calls the least unbecoming to my style of beauty, when that sharply incisive bugle call rang through the store. At the sound I noticed a sudden cessation of sound and movement about me. The collar man had interrupted himself in the midst of a remark about the high class of goods he was giving me, and now stood with his back to me, facing the sound of the call, in a stiff, rather soldierly attitude, saluting some unseen thing.

My first thought was that the man was an ex-soldier absent-mindedly performing some military rite or other, and a foolish jest was on my lips when I saw another salesman in the next aisle standing in the same attitude. Glancing about, I found that every employee in the store was facing the bugle and standing at attention with eyes closed. And then, as the last notes ceased, I saw the Flag. It was being slowly lowered from a tall pole in the very center of the great floor space. Mechanically at first, and then with a distinct thrill, I straightened and saluted. Others were wonderfully doing the same. A moment later the rush of closing up was in full swing.

"Yes, sir," said the salesman, "we face toward the bugle and salute the Flag when it is raised every morning when the store is opened, and again at closing time, when 'retreat' is played and the Flag lowered. "You see," he continued, "there are over forty of our employees with the colors, and some of them won't come back; so the rest of us take this way of honoring them—and the Flag."

Learn the New Way in Shorthand and Typewriting at Home!

Business concerns and U. S. Government calling for stenographers. Demand greater than ever before. Salaries higher. Now is the time to become a stenographer. Right in your own home, in half the time, at ONE-THIRD THE USUAL EXPENSE, you can learn New Way Shorthand and Typewriting. Enables you to write 125 to 150 words a minute in shorthand and 80 to 100 words a minute in typewriting. No local business school can offer this amazing new system. Instead of learning slowly, laboriously, imperfectly and expensively, the New Way enables you to learn quickly and perfectly, at home, at very little cost, and so easily that in a short time you become more competent than many stenographers with years of experience.

Easy Now to Become a Stenographer

The New Way is so simple, so fascinating, that you can now quickly acquire the highest grade ability. Beginners who never could write one word in shorthand are writing 125 to 150 words a minute, and can *instantly* read *every word of their shorthand notes*. And instead of typewriting 15 to 20 words a minute with one or two fingers, with eyes chained to the keyboard, *they can typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute without looking at the keys*, using ALL fingers, writing with amazing ease, and *with an almost entire absence of errors!*

Secret of the New Way

The secret of the New Way in Shorthand is borrowed from the methods used in *teaching children to read!* You learn actual words from the very first lesson, and can use them at once. In a short time you take practice dictation. The *method of teaching* is so different, so revolutionary, and so thorough that *once you learn a word you will never forget it*. And the study is so *fascinating* that it is exactly like playing a game!

Nothing like the New Way in Typewriting has ever been discovered. In only 10 easy lessons, you can learn to typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute, with remarkable accuracy, and with amazing ease. Special Gymnastic Finger Training brings results in *days* that ordinary methods will not produce in *months*. So wonderful are its results that thousands of *graduates* of business colleges are constantly enrolling with us and, practically without exception, they are doubling and trebling their former best speed in typewriting, and their salaries are being increased steadily.

Complete Secretarial Training

The New Way in Shorthand and Typewriting includes a complete and thoroughgoing commercial training. Without one penny of extra charge, right along with your shorthand and typewriting, you will be trained in Business English, Letter Writing, Office Methods, Secretarial Work—everything needed for fitting you for the highly-paid positions in the stenographic field—a better training by far than you can get in a local school. Yet everything is made so simple, so plain, so practical, that you can learn in far less time than any local business school can teach you.

Particulars Free! Entire Course on Trial!

We cannot completely describe here the New Way in Shorthand and Typewriting. But we have prepared a catalog which tells all about this wonderful new system. For over 17 years the Tulloss School has been giving training by mail to successful stenographers. The unusual ability of our graduates is everywhere recognized—everywhere they are given the preference in business offices.

If you are ambitious to get *started right* in Shorthand and Typewriting—if you are ambitious to get ahead quickly—if you want to earn a big salary as an expert stenographer—don't wait a single minute before sending the coupon or a postal. The New Way in Shorthand and Typewriting is so easy to learn, so thorough and practical that you will be doing yourself a big injustice if you fail to write for the facts NOW. Tear off the coupon and send it, or write a postal right NOW before you turn this page. Address The Tulloss School, 2962 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

Please send me your free book about the New Way in Shorthand and Typewriting. This incurs no obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

Mail to THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
2962 College Hill *Springfield, Ohio*

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The Outlook Classified Advertising Section

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The issues of March Twentieth and April Seventeenth will be Special Real Estate Issues particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property.

CANADA

FOR RENT at Windermere, Muskoka
(Near Royal Hotel)
For July and August, well-furnished bungalow, 7 rooms and bathroom. Good bathing and safe for children. Apply J. O. ANDERSON, 55 Castle Frank Road, Toronto, Ontario.

CONNECTICUT

Litchfield, Conn. Twelve-room attractive cottage, $600 for season, furnished. All improvements, 3 acres, orchard, garage. Desirable location, fine views and open surroundings. C. R. McNeil, 39 E. 42d St., N. Y.

FOR SALE or RENT
At Morris Cove, Conn., on the beach, 1 cottage with 16 bedrooms, large living-room with stone fireplace, large dining-room with stone fireplace, 2 screened porches, garage and separate servants' quarters. Suitable for boarding house or club. Also 8-room cottage near by, both beautifully furnished. 7,535, Outlook.

FLORIDA

MERRITT ISLAND
The NARROW PART of this large island (190 miles north of Miami) is now ACCESSIBLE by VIADUCT across the INDIAN RIVER. Its remarkable thermal conditions, due to situation and ample WATER PROTECTION, contribute safety to its Citrus Groves, which bear the sweetest Oranges and Grapefruit—
Requiring no Sugar
Telephone, Mail, and Delivery Service, School, Village Club, etc., make it desirable for WINTER HOMES. Thirty minutes off the Tourist trail (and unexploited) QUIET IS POSSIBLE, and land prices are still reasonable. For information, address
A. R. TRAFFORD, COCOA, FLA.

MAINE

For Sale on **Penobscot Bay** Farm Bargain
Nine-room house, two barns, eighteen acres. $1,200. J. H. JONES, Arlington, Mass.

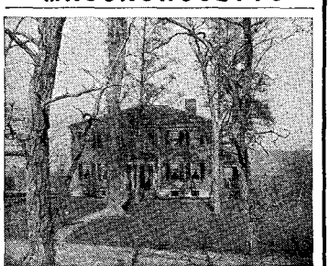
Seashore Cottage Rent for season 6 rooms and bath, fully furnished; hot and cold water. S. W. LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Maine.

FOR SALE OR RENT
SMALL POINT BEACH
Near Bath, eastern horn of Casco Bay. Modern ten room cottage, two baths.
Apply DR. FOLTZ
Chestnut Hill Philadelphia

MAINE

Is This Your Country Estate?
FOR SALE beautiful wooded tract 75 acres. Frontage 2,000 feet on ocean, one mile from Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Lying WHOLLY WITHIN MY TRACT and only 350 feet from ocean is "Lake Appalachee," a beautiful spring-fed lake, wooded, irregular shores, stocked with black bass. Rare opportunity for the most unique Country Estate on the Atlantic Coast: Now run as a high-class Camp to accommodate fifty people; city water, electric lights, sewer, etc. Ideal site for Club or Hotel. Mortgage and terms, E. O. GROVER, 1922 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

MASSACHUSETTS



Berkshire Hills—For Rent
Large Colonial House
8 open fireplaces, 3 bathrooms. Beautifully located, 1,200 ft. elevation. Electric lights, garage. 7,545, Outlook.

CAPE COD GRAND SURF BATHING
Ocean front. Summer bungalows furnished for housekeeping. 5 rooms and bathrooms; fireplace. $145 season. L. S. RICH, Truro, Mass.

CAPE COD Ballston Beach Bungalows by the ocean surf. Choice location. Moderate rents season. S. W. BALL, 198 Broadway, N. Y.

PIGEON COVE, MASS.
Sans Souci Cottage, on ocean front, for rent **Completely Furnished.** Ten rooms, bath, sun parlor. Address 7,567, Outlook.

MASSACHUSETTS

ANDOVER, MASS.
175 Acre Farm, with modern buildings, fully stocked. Faces lake with Bungalow. Good going farm and would be ideal for gentleman's estate.
PETER SMITH
418 Grand Street, Paterson, N. J.

FOR SALE Modern high-class small home, sleeping porch. Nearly acre rich soil. Stable, shade, fruit, berries, etc. About one mile from center. Choice neighborhood. H. B. BEACH, 100 Holmes Road, Pittsfield, Mass.

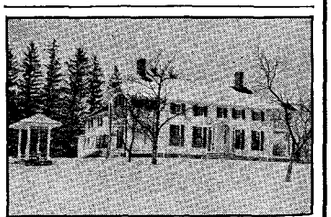
NEW HAMPSHIRE

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

NEW JERSEY

FOR SALE
Old Colonial Homestead with 2¼ acres. Modern conveniences. Ideally located, 22 minutes from N. Y. Unusual opportunity. 7,577, Outlook.

NEW YORK



FOR SALE
Country home in Finger Lake District of Central New York. One thousand feet frontage on Owasco Lake, fertile farm of 220 acres, 30 in woods, 25 in brook pasture, 7 in apple orchard, rest under cultivation. Main house built about 1800, remodeled, 15 rooms, 2 baths, furnace, gas, open fireplaces, sleeping porches, garage, icehouse. New tenant house of 9 rooms, ample barns, livestock, and tools. On state road one mile from station of Lehigh Valley R. R. and 6 miles from the city of Auburn. Apply T. M. Hunt, 41 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

NEW YORK

FOR SALE—CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
Trout Brook Farm, fifty acres. Price with furniture $1,500. Good place to build up one's health. Dr. G. F. PITTS, Warwick, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR RENT
Herrnhut House
CRAGSMOOR, N. Y.
Small summer hotel on a spur of the Shawangunk Mountains. Extended view overlooking Ellenville and Rondout Valley. Twelve acres of land with furnished house accommodating about 40 guests, 7-room cottage and laundry. Episcopal chapel with daily service within five minutes' walk. Moderate price. Address A. KITE, Frankford, Philadelphia, Penna.

FOR SALE! Beautiful Summer Residences in 1000 Island region and GOOD FARMS on shore of St. Lawrence River
FOR RENT! Summer Homes. Prices reasonable. JOHN O'LEARY, Clayton, N. Y.

ESSEX ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN
28 miles from Plattsburgh Camp.
Old Colonial house, 6 master's bedrooms, modern plumbing, 9 fireplaces, ample grounds. For rent furnished by month or season.
Mrs. W. A. Townsend, 227 E. 72d St., N. Y.

Dower Place—Charmingly furnished Colonial house; 5 master's bedrooms, 4 maids' rooms, 4 baths; 12 acres; delightful situation on shore Lake Champlain, splendid views; boating facilities; garage. P. H. Boyle, Essex, N. Y.

Country Place on Lake Champlain, N. Y. 28 miles from Plattsburg. 14 acres, 500 ft. lake front. Apple orchard. Rose and vegetable gardens. House of 10 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping porch. With cottage of 3 rooms adjoining. All furnished. Electricity, hardwood floors, open fires. For sale at $20,000. Rent for season $850. 7,547, Outlook.

NEW YORK CITY

Comfortable Home
Bensonhurst Section of Brooklyn, N. Y.
House with 12 rooms, 3 baths, garage for two cars, on 13 lots. Easy access to New York by machine or subway. Address
E. H. MADISON, P. O. Box 1977, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA

Mt. Pocono, Pa. For Rent Attractive furnished cottages and bungalows, with improvements. E. E. MERWIN, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

Tours and Travel

SOUTH AMERICA
VIA PANAMA CANAL
Direct, without change, on new American steamships.
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Stopping at principal ports of Peru and Chile. Illustrated folder and information on request.
SAILING DATES ON REQUEST
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Delightful Summer Outing through the Great West for young people. Conducted by well-known artist and his wife. Reservations made now. Start June 15. For particulars address 7,573, Outlook. Refs. exchanged.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Room and bath $3.50 per day with meals, or $2.00 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

HOTEL
BOSSERT
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets
BROOKLYN
TRANSIENT AND RESIDENTIAL
The science of conducting a hotel properly is at its highest when it is least apparent. This is exemplified by the cultured, livable atmosphere of the Hotel Bossert.
Send for illustrated booklet "B"

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACKS
THE CRATER CLUB
Of the Burnham Cottage Settlement, Essex-on-Lake-Champlain, offers to families of refinement at very moderate rates the attractions of a beautiful lake shore in a locality with a remarkable record for healthfulness. The club affords an excellent plain table and accommodation. The boating is safe, there are attractive walks and drives, and the points of interest in the Adirondacks are easily accessible. Ref. required. For information relative to board and lodging address Miss MARGARET FULLER, Club Mgr., 115 E. 71st St., New York.
Furnished cottages without housekeeping cares. Circular and particulars on application. John B. Burnham, 233 B'way, New York.

Hotels and Resorts

NORTH CAROLINA

One of those "wholly satisfying" places found once in a while and never forgotten; simple, perfect service, informality, concentrated comfort.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Open All Year
Write for Booklet "O." Make reservation
In America--An English Inn

WYOMING

ALL SEASON CAMP
Wyoming sunshine for young men, with trapping and horseback riding on a real ranch.
Address TRAPPER LODGE
Shell, Big Horn County, Wyoming

Hotels and Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than
THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance. Outdoor sports if desired. Good sleighing and skating is now being enjoyed.

Health Resorts

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Apartments

New York City
An attractive 5-room apartment to sublet for spring and summer. One block from Riverside Drive, facing Columbia University buildings. Two minutes from subway station. First-class service, two elevators. Very reasonable rental. Address 7,575, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PRIVATE school. A small, well-established girls' boarding and day school. Convenient to New York and Philadelphia. Capacity enrollment this year. Principal desires to retire. Correspondence confidential. T. H. G., P. O. Box 1,592, Philadelphia, Pa.

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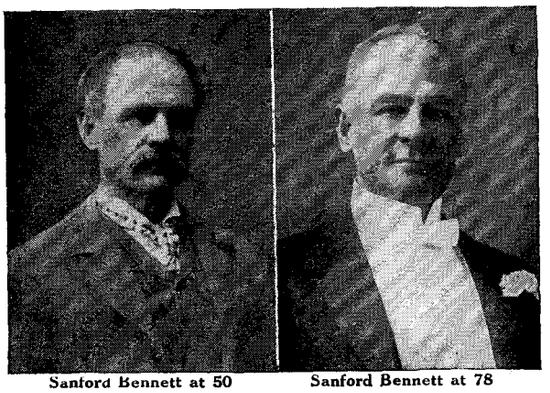
Your Property

Is it For Sale or To Rent?

If so, use the next two Special Real Estate Issues of The Outlook, which will appear on March 20 and April 17. An advertisement in these issues will cost but a few dollars and will reach the class of people who will be interested in your property. Write us about your property and we will help you prepare a suitable advertisement.

THE OUTLOOK

Department of Classified Advertising



Sanford Bennett at 50 Sanford Bennett at 78

An Old Man at Fifty A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth.

By V. O. SCHWAB

There is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. Today he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. Today they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. Today he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before and three minutes after arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. And three minutes a day after arising, is devoted to abdominal massage. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention". This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and, as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness; Massage of the Colon—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; external cleanliness; Rheumatism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

Don't Send Any Money

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," with its 400 pages, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many Courses of Instruction selling for $25 or more. But you can secure a copy of this book for only $3. Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publisher will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" on approval without deposit. In addition, you will receive one of Mr. Bennett's Backbone Boards—his own invention for exercising the spinal cord. This simple device is alone worth many times the price asked. It increases nerve force and nerve energy, benefiting every organ of the body—the brain included—by keeping the vertebræ of the spinal column young, flexible, elastic and in perfect alignment. If after examination in your own home you feel you can afford to be without youth and health, send them back within five days and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep them, send your check for $3. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," and the new Backbone Board will be sent to you at once.

Mail Coupon

For having solved the problem of prolonging youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course, there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett, will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publisher will allow you to do without cost or obligation, through his "send no money" offer. But it is advisable to mail the coupon today, because this unusual no-risk offer is liable to be withdrawn any moment. Address CHAS. H. DESGREY, Book Publisher, Dept. 12, 5084 Metropolitan Building, New York.

MAIL THIS TODAY—NO MONEY REQUIRED

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DIETITIAN wanted. A large State institution in the Rocky Mountain region needs an experienced dietitian. Liberal salary paid and maintenance allowed. Give age, education, experience, and references. 5,634, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRONS, governesses, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, Providence. Boston office, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

YOUNG or middle-aged Protestant woman to assist mother in care of two children. 5,646, Outlook.

WANTED, Hartford, Conn., mother's assistant. Happy disposition and refinement more necessary than experience. 5,659, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

CALIFORNIA needs teachers with graduate study. Consult Boynton-Esterly Teachers' Agency Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED—Governess for two little girls, five years and seven years old. French conversation necessary. 5,631, Outlook.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

NURSE or nursery governess, preferably French, wanted for two little boys, three and five years old, in suburban town an hour from New York. 5,654, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

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YOUNG lady, English, desires position as companion. Willing to travel. 5,649, Outlook.

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DIETITIAN, experienced, desires institutional position March 1. 5,644, Outlook.

COMPANION-nurse, useful in any capacity. City or out of town. 5,651, Outlook.

REFINED woman would assist mother care infant half day. 5,657, Outlook.

REFINED, educated widow of Presbyterian minister, 41 years old, wishes position as reader and companion, or in motherless home where servant is kept, or as pastor's assistant. Has had experience. 5,656, Outlook.

CHICAGO graduate nurse wishes infant or adult patient going California, February, March. 5,655, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

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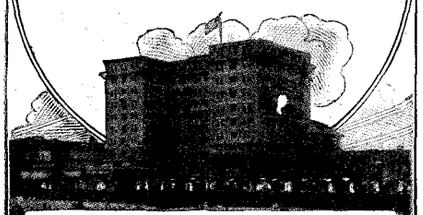

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On the ice last winter, a group of men decided to go skating. In a jiffy they had their skates on and were dashing off over the shining ice—all except one. He was ruptured. He wore a steel band truss and dared not enjoy himself because he feared his truss would fail him. This unsmiling man was needlessly robbed of healthful, invigorating fun. Had he worn a

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he could have joined his friends in their sport. The Brooks Appliance is made of soft rubber, unaffected by water. It will not slip because the Automatic Air Cushion clings closely and follows every body movement. Draws and binds the parted muscular tissues together; gives Nature a chance to knit them. This wonderful, new, scientific treatment of hernia has helped thousands and will help you.

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BY THE WAY

The famous old English convict ship Success, which has been on exhibition in this country for several years, went to the bottom for the second time a few days ago—strangely enough, not at sea, but in the Kentucky River. She was making a tour of inland waters, and got into an ice gorge at Carrollton, Kentucky, which tore a hole in her stout teak timbers. During her eventful history the Success lay for several years at the bottom of Sydney Harbor in Australia, after her career as a convict ship had ended. She was later raised and then went forth in her new guise as a museum of the horrors of the time when she was a prison ship. She was built in 1790.

An old London firm of booksellers rejoiced in a five-barreled appellation—Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. A book published in 1825 by this firm, recently picked up at auction in New York City, brings to memory this story: Archibald Constable, the famous publisher of Edinburgh, was fond of a joke. Mr. Longman, of the above-named firm, once visited Constable's palatial home. During conversation he remarked: "What fine swans you have in your pond there!" "Swans!" cried Constable; "they are only geese, man. There are just five of them, if you please to observe, and their names are Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown." This skit is said to have cost Constable a fat contract with Longman.

The yield of peanuts in 1917 totaled more than sixty million bushels—nearly twice the quantity raised in 1916. The crop's money value more than doubled. The popularity of "peanut butter" probably accounts for the increase.

For saving coal during zero weather, "Popular Mechanics" suggests that, instead of shaking the grate of a furnace, a hooked poker be used to rake out the ashes between the sections of the grate. This will, it is claimed, lessen the waste of half-burned fuel. A further suggestion as to heat-conserving is that frames of corrugated paper be used to cover the north and west windows of rooms at night.

The "Dramatic Mirror," complaining about the restrictions on American theatrical activities, says that more than thirty playhouses in Paris are open every night, without restriction as to hours of opening or closing, and that even London, beset by Zeppelin and airplane raids, objected to the order to quit "carrying on" at the playhouses and succeeded in having it rescinded, so that its theaters now give their performances as usual.

A rabbi in New York City, so a contributor to the "Christian Register" says, was catechizing a class of small boys whose parents had come from the land of the Czar. "Now, Isaac, tell us who was the first man?" "George Washington," came the prompt reply. Exclaimed the amazed rabbi: "Surely you know better, Isaac. You, a Jew, to say that George Washington was the first man? You ought to know Adam was the first man." "My teacher she say George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. And, anyway, you know we Americans don't take much stock in those foreigners."

People who think that the betting odds are indicative of forthcoming events will be interested in the report that London clubs are again betting as to the time when the war will end. "I'll lay you 3 to 1 that the war will end by April," declared a member of one of these clubs, a Colonel who has seen a lot of service "out there," according to a despatch to the New York "Sun." A favorite bet with other clubmen is that the war will end by next Christmas, as "the Kaiser's Christmas gift to the world."

An unusual advertisement is this from a New York City newspaper:

> Carmela —— is looking for her husband, Pasquale ——, who has been missing from her seven years. She is anxious to find where he is and is willing to forgive everything and do as he says. If any one happens to know him, kindly call at ——.

That the lady should have stood out seven years and then surrendered so meekly is pathetic.

Referring to the statement recently published, that the postal rate established in 1851 was "from two to four times the present one," a subscriber writes: "It may help further to contentment with the present cost to learn that in 1834—only seventeen years earlier—the postage from New York City to the newer settlements halfway across New York State was 18¾ c 19¾ or 37½ cents. The correct cha was easily made by use of the coins t current—sixpences and New York Sta shillings, worth about half as much as th English coins of the same names. The were no postage stamps; the amount to b paid was written by hand upon the corne There was no railway; the stage took se eral days for that trip, one way. Env lopes were not in use; the large squa letter sheets were folded in an ingenic and rather intricate manner to make t outer leaf form a secure wrapping, th fastened by a wafer or sealing-wax. Th folding was taught in school by the writi teacher and was puzzling to learn."

The small people of the country will hear with delight that the circuses do not all expect to be put out of business this spring because of war conditions. "We have our own baggage cars and freight trains," said one circus manager, "and a we require is an engine to haul them. But worse comes to worst we can return to wagon route that formerly prevailed." sight of those gay wagons and strange beas on the country roads again would bring jo to a host of circus-lovers, young and old.

The recent sale of the paintings collecte by James W. Brady ("Diamond Jim" brought out this anecdote from a deale "One morning my telephone rang. M Brady was at the other end of the wire 'Moss,' he said, 'burglars got into the house last night. I'm short a Diaz and two other pictures.' What had really happened, I found, was that guests he had had at dinner had admired these paintings and that he had made presents of the pictures to them. His object in calling me up was to order me to have the gifts packed and delivered. Many a collection in this country started with the gift of a painting from Mr. Brady."

A subscriber writes from Rangoon, Burma: "The following is an excerpt from an essay by a Burmese student in the last grade of my high school (a school of 967 students—the largest school in Burma): '*Camouflage*—this is the French ward, means "Artificial tree." In the sea the steamer pretends herself as a tree growing on an island situated in the sea. Thus the enemy is deceived and the steamers are largely escaped from the danger of the enemy's submarines.'"

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THE OUTLOOK is prepared to place in the hands of every loyal American a beautifully printed collection of the President's most striking utterances. An example of typographical elegance, this handsome brochure, size 9 x 12¼ (same size as The Outlook), is printed on heavy Alexandra Japan paper with deckle edges. The cover is reproduced on the opposite page. Its headings and decorations are little masterpieces, and it contains a strikingly life-like portrait of the Chief Executive, reproduced from an etching by Frederick Reynolds, suitable for framing. It comprises the finest portions of Mr. Wilson's addresses and is entitled—

"The President to the People"

THE work is not only of vital, timely interest, but well worthy of being preserved for your grandchildren. It contains extracts from the most important public utterances of President Wilson from the momentous day when he addressed a joint session of Congress on April 2, 1917, and urged American acceptance of the challenge of Imperialism, down to and including his address to Congress on January 8, 1918, in which he defined the terms which this Government would be willing to consider as a basis for peace. Among these extracts are—

THE CHALLENGE
The President's Address before joint session of Congress, April 2, 1917

THE CALL TO INDUSTRY
The President's Proclamation from the White House, April 16, 1917

THE SELECTIVE PRINCIPLE
The President's Proclamation from the Executive Mansion, May 18, 1917

THE GOAL OF FREE PEOPLES
The President's Note to the Russian Government, given under date of May 26, 1917

THE MENACE
The President's Flag Day Address, June 14, 1917, at Washington

CIVILIZATION'S DEMAND
The President's Reply to the Peace Note of the Pope, August 27, 1917

JUSTICE AND REPARATION
The President's Address before joint session of Congress, December 4, 1917

THE BASES OF PERMANENT PEACE
The President's Address before joint session of Congress, January 8, 1918

THE quotations form a continuous chain of thought reflecting the attitude of the Administration toward the problem of National and business life which comes with extraordinary timeliness to instill new courage, and which should be read and reread by every American citizen in the spirit of renewed resolve to do his share to bring the war to a successful end.

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WAR'S AFTERMATH

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

Will the animosities of the present war continue long after the close of hostilities? Will the friendships of the present war enhance as the years pass?

Two simple stories of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, celebrated by Federal and Confederate troops together in July, 1913, may throw some light on the above questions.

A member of the Headquarters Staff of the Pennsylvania National Guard, being provided with an automobile, found it to be his pleasant duty to take distinguished visitors to the places of interest upon the battlefield. Time after time, at that point of Cemetery Ridge known as High Water Mark, where the Confederates actually broke through the Union lines for a brief moment, he noticed a grizzled Northern veteran standing by the stone wall. His presence there was so continuous that at length the staff officer questioned him.

"No," replied the veteran, "it's not the scenery I'm looking at; but I'm thinking of fifty years ago. When the rebels broke through at this point, I was color sergeant of my regiment, and one of the Johnny Rebs hit me over the head with his musket and carried off the flag. So I said to myself that if that fellow is still living and at this reunion he will be sure to come back here and boast about how he stole our colors. I'm waiting for him, and when he arrives I'm going to swat him hard."

During the first day's fight at Gettysburg a Union soldier was wounded and left on the field. That night the Confederates took possession of Seminary Ridge and bivouacked there. One of Lee's men picked up the wounded Northerner, took him to his tent, bound his wounds and nursed and tended him during the remainder of the battle. When the fight was over, and Lee had to retreat, the wounded Federal boy was left behind. Fifty years passed, and at the reunion these two, now old men, met and re-established their friendship. They were inseparable during the encampment. At length the day of separation came, and they went together to the Western Maryland station. Genuine grief possessed them, because they must part again, and probably this time forever. But they wanted some permanent memento of their reunion, and at length, upon the station platform, each took off his uniform and gave to the other, and when the trains pulled out almost simultaneously the Northern soldier went back to his Northern home clothed in Confederate gray, and the Southerner went back to his Southern home clad in Federal blue.

A CAMERA IN THE WRONG PLACE

A British photographer writes to the "Photo-Era" that a camera is a dangerous bit of mechanism to toy with just now. He says that the captain of an English cargo-boat told him his ship met with an accident on its last voyage to Canada. Having a pocket kodak, he planned to go ashore and snapshot the damaged bow as a record for his owners. A port authority strongly discouraged him, and on being pressed for a reason, said, "Well, you see, the harbor guards are young men with new rifles, and if they see you bobbing about with a camera you might get a bullet through you!"

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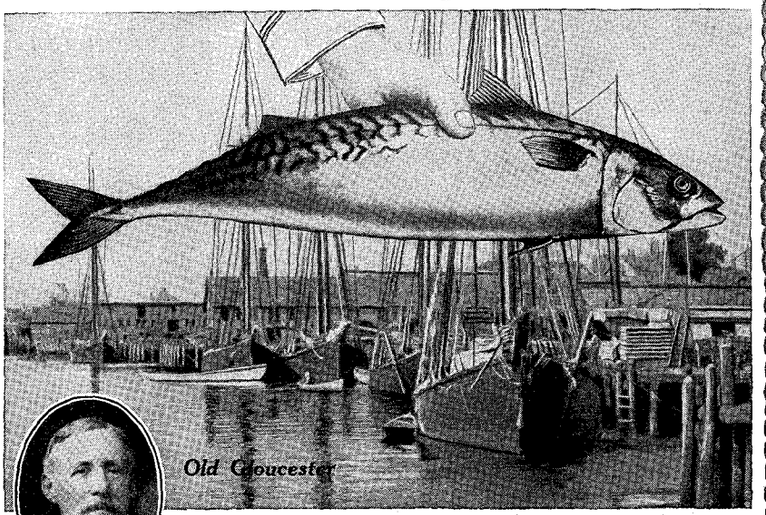
Direct from the Fishing Boats to You



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Such a *Good* Breakfast!

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown; some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

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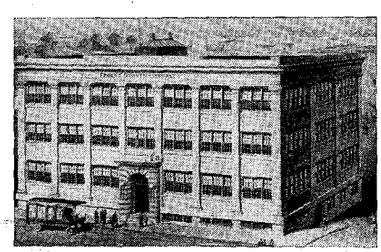

Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 9 fish, each fish more than sufficient for 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $4.50, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers.

Remember: Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious!

The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.

Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Frank E. Davis Co.
326 Central Wharf,
Gloucester, Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.,
326 Central Wharf,
Gloucester, Mass.

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail of Davis' Mackerel — to contain 9 fish, each fish more than sufficient for 4 people. I agree to remit $4.50 in ten days or return the fish.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

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